

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE

WEAPON **+** PLUS

MacKAY • RAFFAELE • SÁNCHEZ-ALMARA



MARVEL

1

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DURING WORLD WAR II, THE U.S. GOVERNMENT CREATED THE FIRST SUPER-SOLDIER AND INADVERTENTLY KICKED OFF A BIOLOGICAL ARMS RACE THAT SPREAD ACROSS THE GLOBE. IN TIME, AN INTERNATIONAL CLANDESTINE ORGANIZATION CALLED WEAPON PLUS AROSE TO AMASS AND ALLOCATE THE WORLD'S SUPER-SOLDIER RESEARCH IN THE FORM OF SILOED PROGRAMS. EACH PROGRAM WAS GIVEN A ROMAN NUMERAL DESIGNATION AND RESEARCH SPECIALTY. ONE SUCH BRANCH DEVELOPED WEAPONS BASED ON EXTRATERRESTRIAL PARASITES CALLED SYMBIOTES.

NOW A BLOODTHIRSTY SYMBIOTE KNOWN AS CARNAGE IS HUNTING ALL WHO HAVE BONDED WITH SYMBIOTES TO ASSEMBLE LEFTOVER GENETIC MARKERS (CODICES) AND CREATE A CONDUIT TO THE SYMBIOTE GOD, KNULL!

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE



WARNING: THE EVENTS OF THIS STORY TAKE PLACE BEFORE **ABSOLUTE CARNAGE #1.**

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LOCATION CLASSIFIED.

WEAPON_V_INCIDENT_FOOTAGE

PLAY THE FILES.

PROFESSOR JUNGER?

I WANT TO SEE IT AGAIN. PLAY THE FILES.



--KKRRZZTT--

WHAT IS IT, WHAT IS--



--ZZTT--

--GONNA HURT MY FEELINGS, BOYS--

--AHAHA--



--KKRRZZTT--

--NADES! HIT IT WITH THE INCENDIARIES--



--KKRRKKT--

--WELL NOW, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT--



--ZZTT--

--MARS
TEAM, FALL
BACK!

EVAC
IMMEDIATELY--



--KKRRZZTT--

--OH RINNIN'
OUT SO SOON?
AIN'T A PLACE IN
THIS WORLD YOU
CAN HIDE FROM
ME, BOYS--

THERE.
FREEZE
IT.



MARS
TEAM?

IN
THE WIND,
SIR.

PERSONNEL
UNACCOUNTED
FOR AT THE
WEAPON V
FACILITY:

MARS TEAM
LEADER, ROBERT
JAMES URQUHART
III.

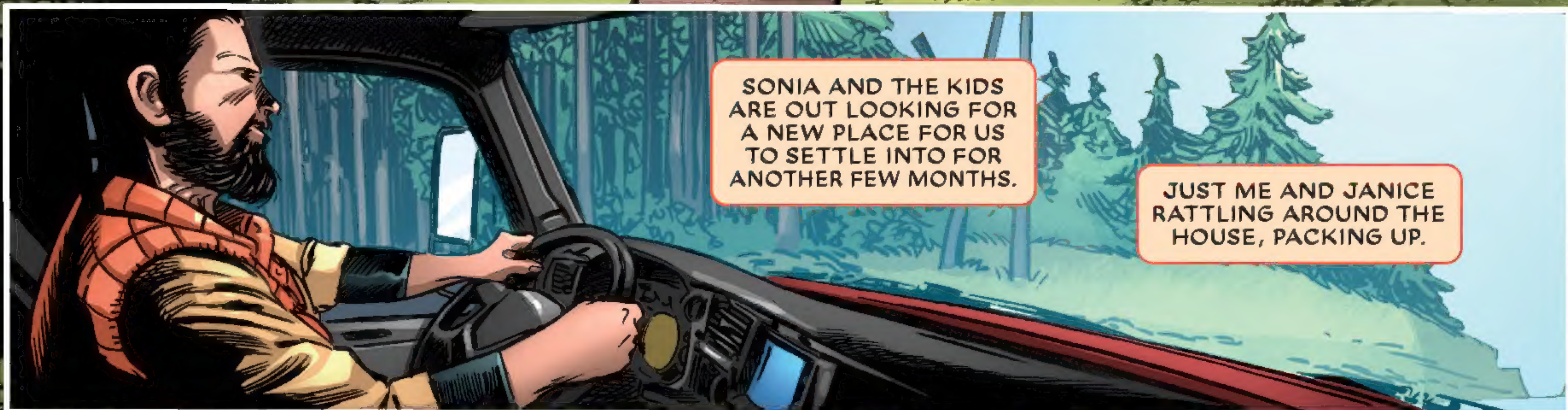
MARS TEAM
OPERATIVES EZRA
SHEPPARD, MATTHEW
JOHNS, ROBERT
"BOB" RUSSELL.

HEAD
OF R&D,
DR. ANDREW
BREEN.

INTERESTING...

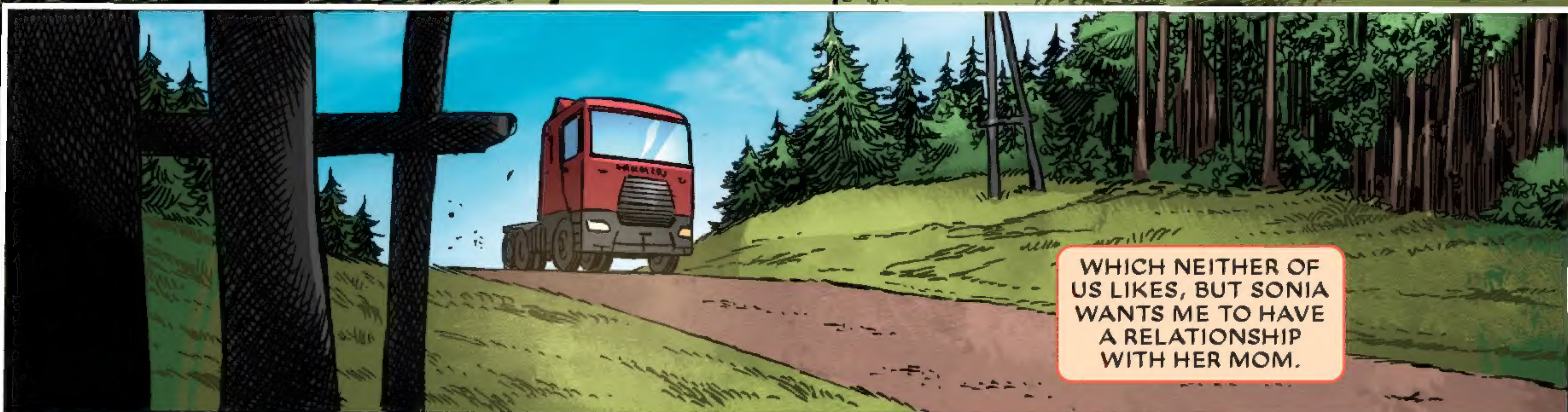
DRUMHELLER,
ALBERTA.

I'M GOING TO
MISS THIS
PLACE.



SONIA AND THE KIDS
ARE OUT LOOKING FOR
A NEW PLACE FOR US
TO SETTLE INTO FOR
ANOTHER FEW MONTHS.

JUST ME AND JANICE
RATTLING AROUND THE
HOUSE, PACKING UP.



WHICH NEITHER OF
US LIKES, BUT SONIA
WANTS ME TO HAVE
A RELATIONSHIP
WITH HER MOM.



AND I'VE PUT
HER THROUGH
SO MUCH--

--LIKE HAVING TO
MOVE AROUND
EVERY FEW MONTHS
TO KEEP SAFE--



--THAT I'LL DO
ANYTHING FOR
HER TO TRY TO
MAKE IT UP.

JANICE?

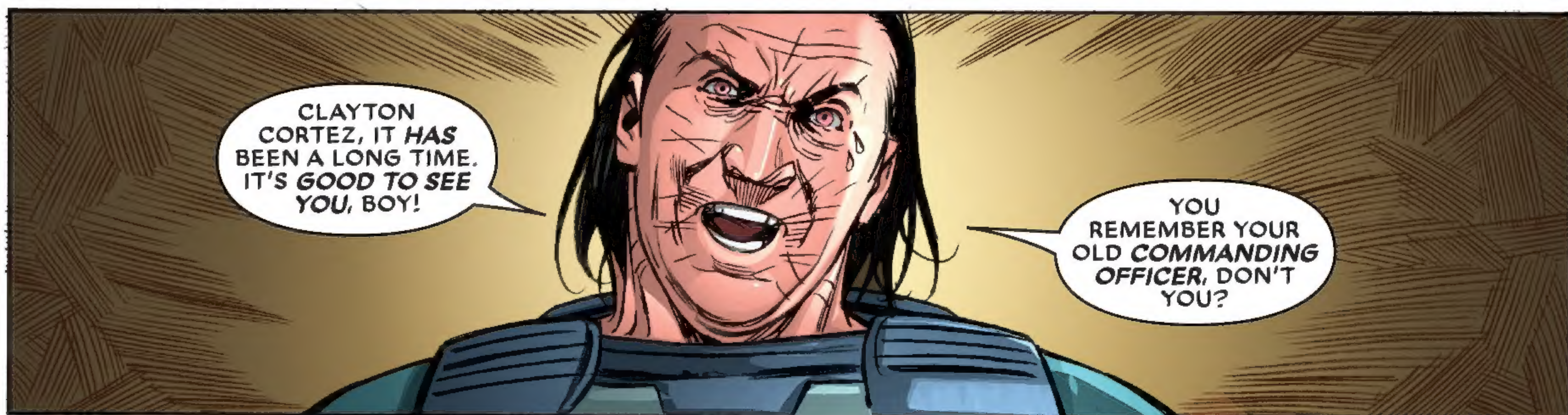
PLEASE,
PLEASE LOCK
THE DOOR WHEN
I'M NOT--



WHAT?

JANICE?

WELL,
WELL! AS I
LIVE AND
BREATHE!



CLAYTON
CORTEZ, IT HAS
BEEN A LONG TIME.
IT'S GOOD TO SEE
YOU, BOY!

YOU
REMEMBER YOUR
OLD COMMANDING
OFFICER, DON'T
YOU?



YOU GOT
YOUR ORDERS,
BOYS.

WIPE THIS
VILLAGE AND
EVERYONE IN IT
FROM THE FACE
OF GOD'S
EARTH.



YOU...
YOU...

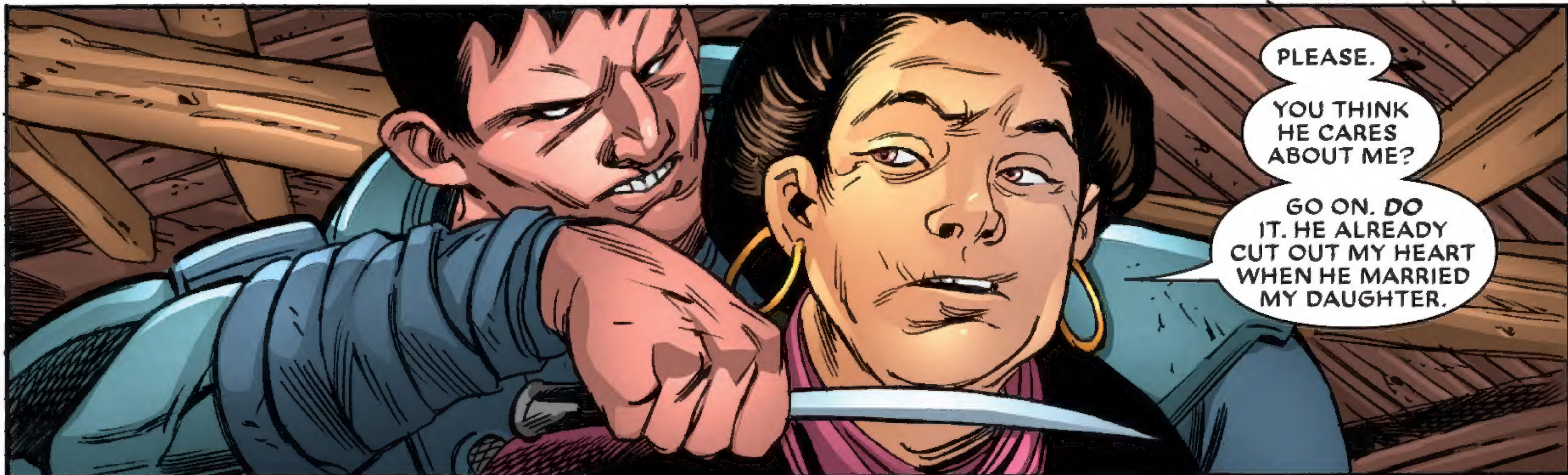


...I'LL
SMASH
YOU...

NOW,
NOW...

YOU GO ON
AND HUFF AND
PUFF IF IT MAKES
YOU FEEL
BETTER.

BUT YOU GET
TOO BIG AND
BOB OVER THERE'LL
CUT YOUR MOTHER-IN-
LAW'S HEAD OFF LIKE
HE WAS PICKING
A DAISY.



PLEASE.

YOU THINK
HE CARES
ABOUT ME?

GO ON. DO
IT. HE ALREADY
CUT OUT MY HEART
WHEN HE MARRIED
MY DAUGHTER.



HAHA!
DAMN!

I WISH YOU'D
HAVE HAD **HALF**
HER MOXIE BACK
IN UJANKA!

MAYBE
THEN YOU
WOULDN'T HAVE
GONE SECTION 8
AND KILLED **FIVE**
OF YOUR
BROTHERS.



STOPPED
YOU AND
EAGLESTAR PMC
FROM COMMITTING
A **MASSACRE**, YOU
MEAN.

WHAT DO
YOU WANT?
IS EAGLESTAR
COMING FOR
ME?

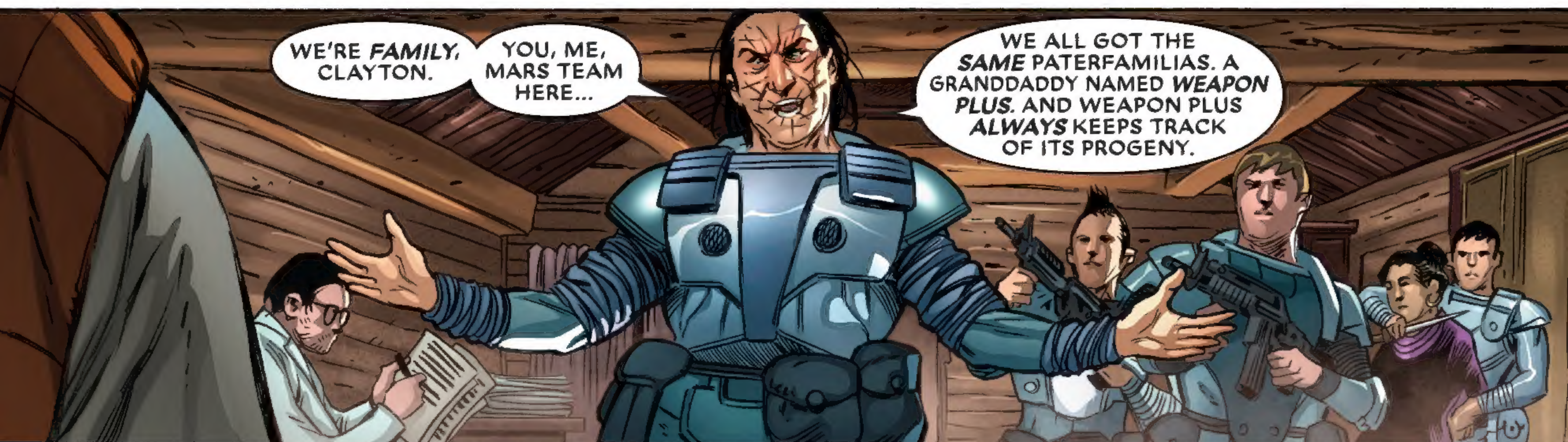
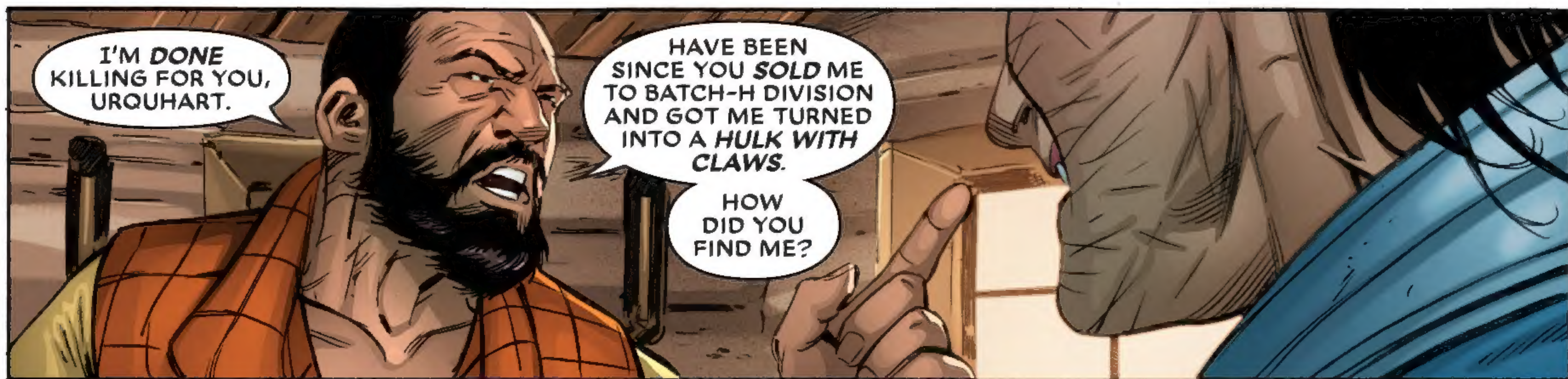


NO, I'VE
MOVED UP IN
THE WORLD,
CLAYTON. I'M
COWBOYING FOR
A WHOLE NEW
OUTFIT NOW.

AS FOR
WHAT I WANT,
WELL, IT'S NOTHING
YOU AIN'T DONE
BEFORE.



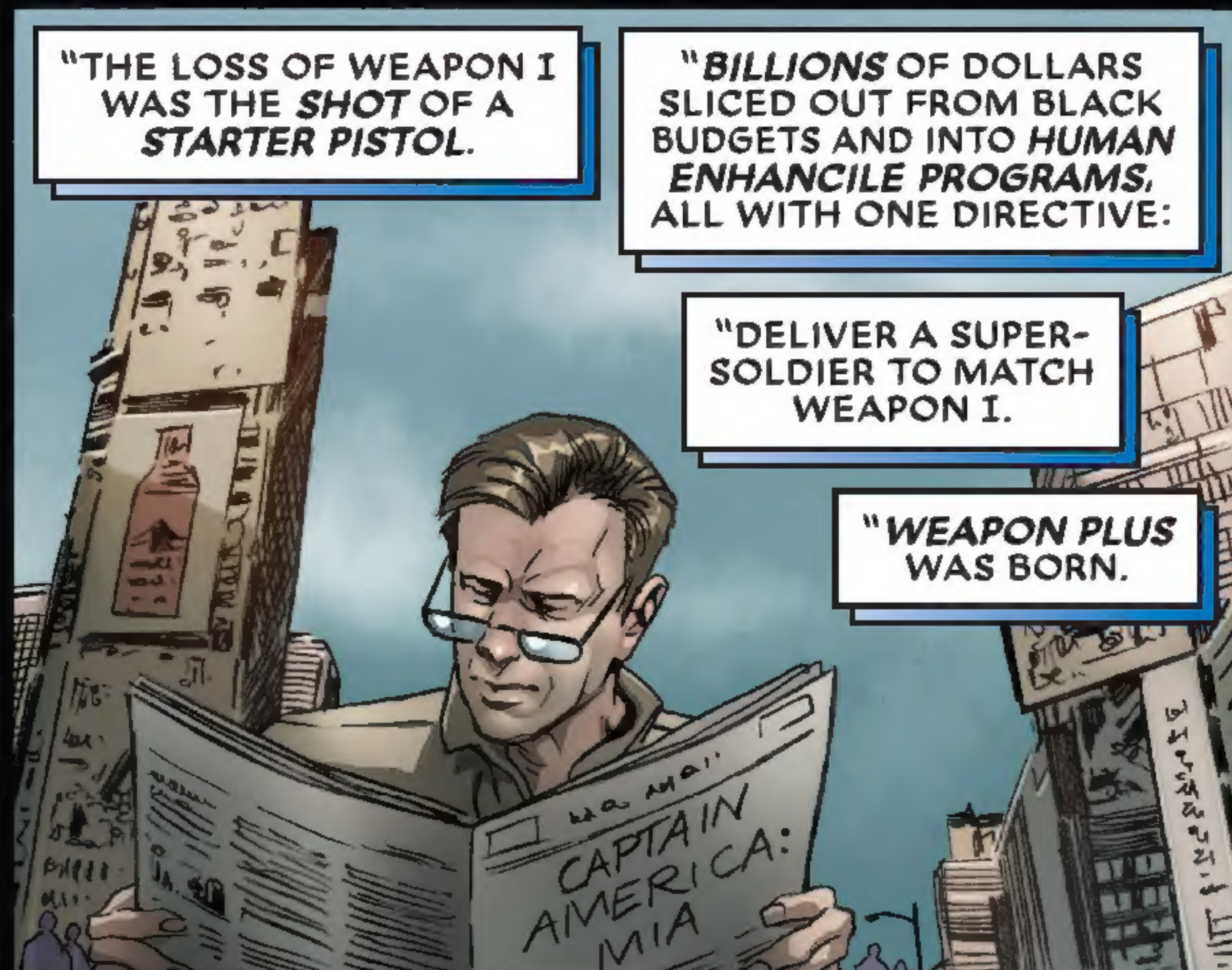
I WANT--I
NEED--YOU TO
KILL SOMEONE
FOR ME.





"BEFORE WEAPON PLUS, THERE WAS PROJECT: REBIRTH.

"WEAPON I. CAPTAIN AMERICA, THE SUPER-SOLDIER.

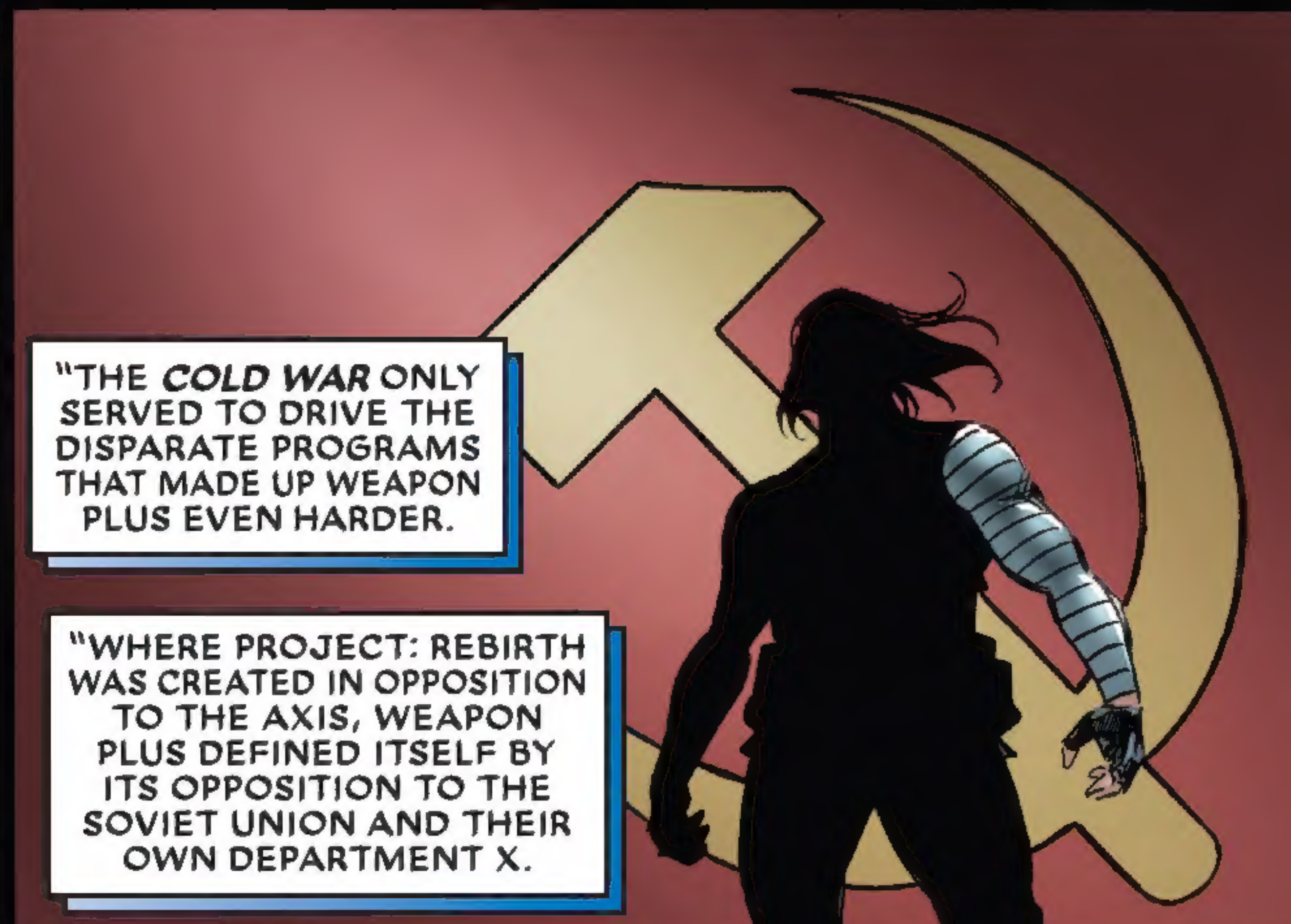


"THE LOSS OF WEAPON I WAS THE *SHOT OF A STARTER PISTOL*.

"*BILLIONS* OF DOLLARS SLICED OUT FROM BLACK BUDGETS AND INTO *HUMAN ENHANCEMENT PROGRAMS*, ALL WITH ONE DIRECTIVE:

"DELIVER A SUPER-SOLDIER TO MATCH WEAPON I.

"WEAPON PLUS WAS BORN.



"THE *COLD WAR* ONLY SERVED TO DRIVE THE DISPARATE PROGRAMS THAT MADE UP WEAPON PLUS EVEN HARDER.

"WHERE PROJECT: REBIRTH WAS CREATED IN OPPOSITION TO THE AXIS, WEAPON PLUS DEFINED ITSELF BY ITS OPPOSITION TO THE SOVIET UNION AND THEIR OWN DEPARTMENT X.



"THAT ALL *CHANGED* IN 1965.

"THAT WAS WHEN WEAPON PLUS FOUND THEY HAD A *NEW ENEMY* TO OPPOSE.



"DESIGNATE: *GRENDL*.

"A DRAGON OF LIQUID HATRED, FROZEN IN ICE.

"EXTRATERRESTRIAL IN ORIGIN.

"CAN YOU *IMAGINE* IT? THE *TERROR* OF IT?"

"THE HORRIFYING KNOWLEDGE THAT YOUR ENEMY WAS NOT *MAN*, BUT THE *DARK VASTNESS OF SPACE ITSELF*? AN EXISTENTIAL ENEMY THAT WAS UNKNOWABLE, IMPOSSIBLE TO ANTICIPATE?"



"WEAPON PLUS WAS DRIVEN *INSANE* BY THIS REVELATION.

"IT FRACTURED, METASTASIZED LIKE CANCER, SHOT THROUGH WITH SHRIEKING TENDRILS OF PARANOIA.

"THEY REDOUBLED THEIR EFFORTS TO BOOTSTRAP LIVING CREATURES INTO VIABLE COMBAT ENHANCILES.



"1966. S.H.I.E.L.D. BEGINS ITS SYM-SOLDIER PROGRAM.

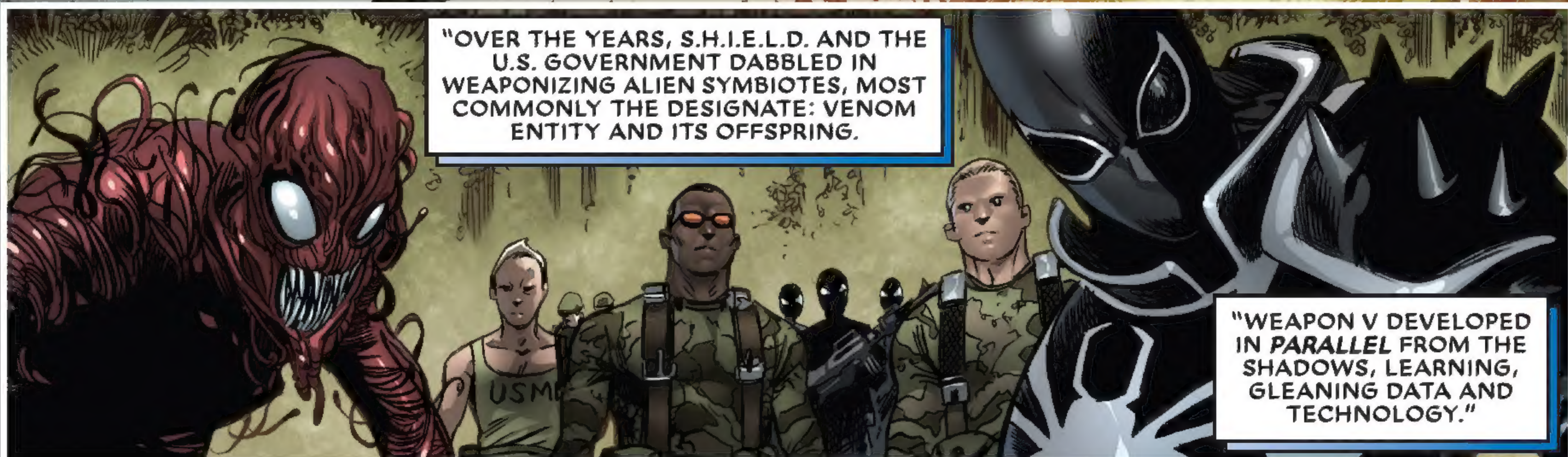
"WOUNDED SOLDIERS WERE BONDED TO SAMPLES OF THE GRENDL ENTITY AND TESTED DURING THE VIETNAM CONFLICT.



"IT WAS A *SPECTACULAR* FAILURE.

"THE SYM-SOLDIER PROJECT WAS SHUTTERED, AND WEAPON PLUS APPROPRIATED WHAT *PERSONNEL* AND *SAMPLES* IT COULD.

"WEAPON V WAS BORN.



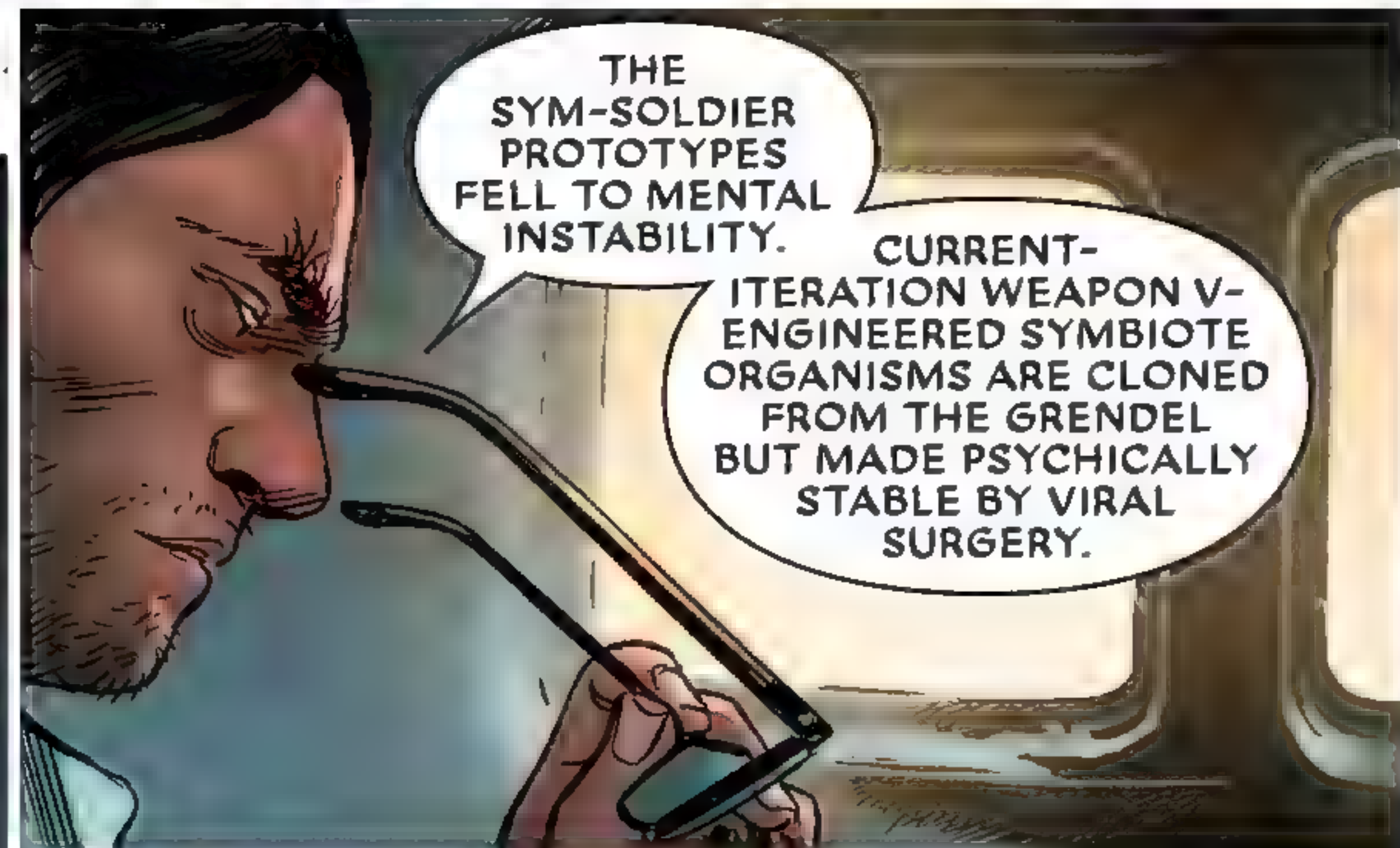
"OVER THE YEARS, S.H.I.E.L.D. AND THE U.S. GOVERNMENT DABBLED IN WEAPONIZING ALIEN SYMBIOTES, MOST COMMONLY THE DESIGNATE: VENOM ENTITY AND ITS OFFSPRING.

"WEAPON V DEVELOPED IN *PARALLEL* FROM THE SHADOWS, LEARNING, GLEANING DATA AND TECHNOLOGY."



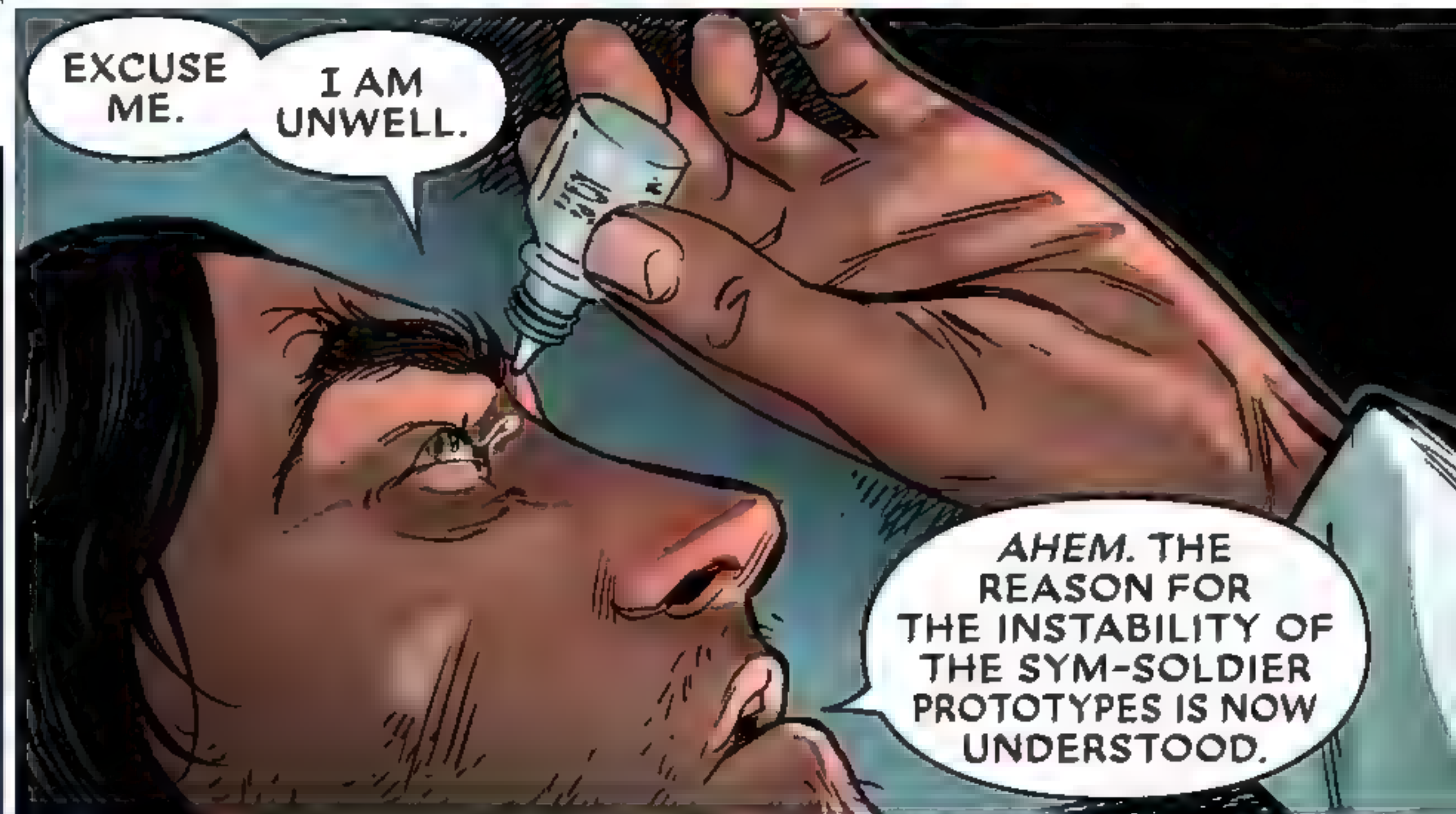
I GET IT.
YOU'RE ALL
BADASSES.

CUT TO
THE CHASE.
WHAT DO
YOU WANT
WITH US?



THE
SYM-SOLDIER
PROTOTYPES
FELL TO MENTAL
INSTABILITY.

CURRENT-
ITERATION WEAPON V-
ENGINEERED SYMBIOTE
ORGANISMS ARE CLONED
FROM THE GRENDEL
BUT MADE PSYCHICALLY
STABLE BY VIRAL
SURGERY.



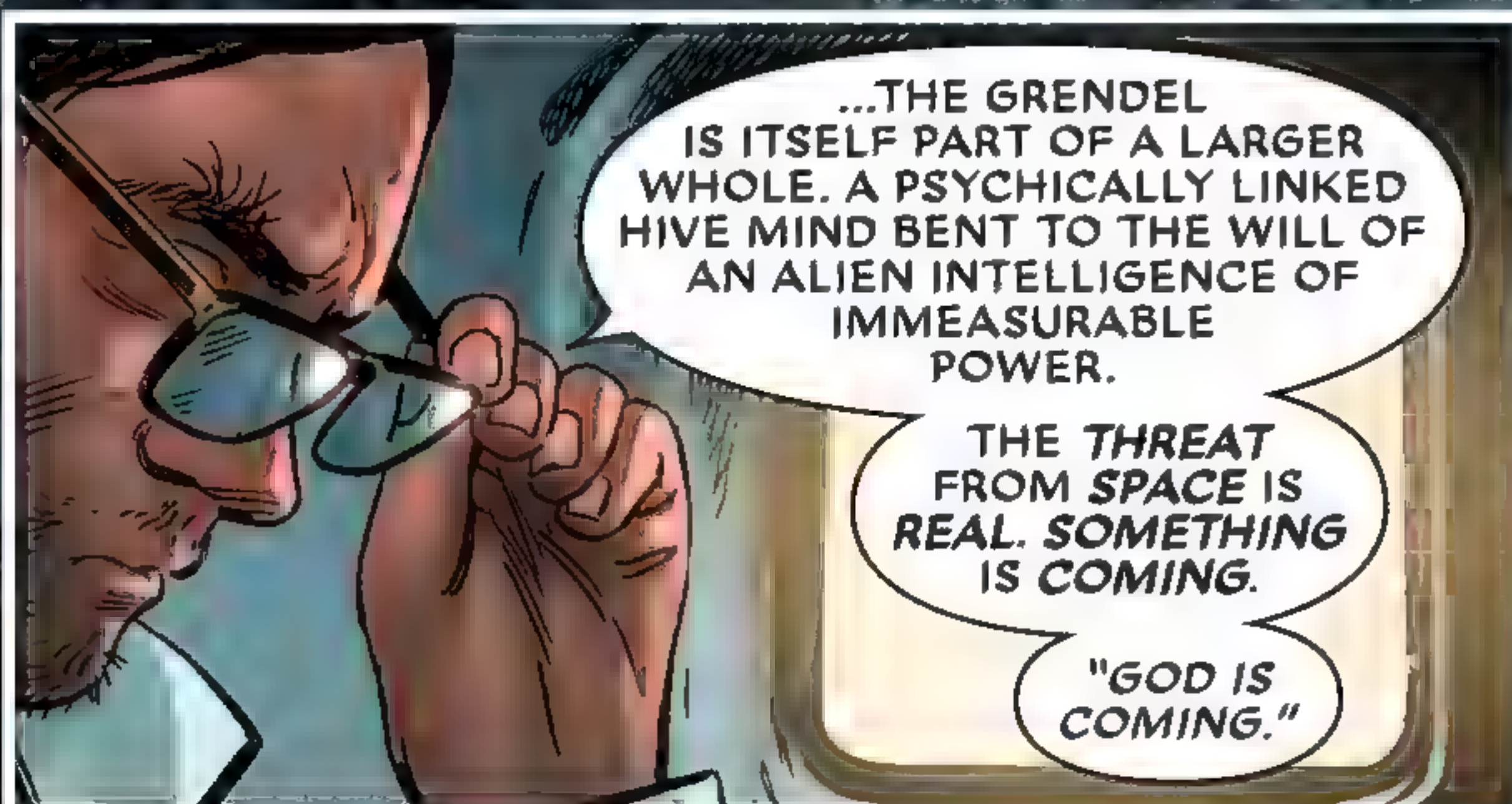
EXCUSE
ME.

I AM
UNWELL.

AHEM. THE
REASON FOR
THE INSTABILITY OF
THE SYM-SOLDIER
PROTOTYPES IS NOW
UNDERSTOOD.

"SEVEN WEEKS AGO.
THE GRENDEL ENTITY
AWAKENS FOR THE
FIRST TIME IN MODERN
HISTORY AND ATTACKS
NEW YORK CITY.

"AS THE SYM-SOLDIER
ORGANISMS WERE
PART OF THE LARGER
GRENDEL ENTITY..."



...THE GRENDEL
IS ITSELF PART OF A LARGER
WHOLE. A PSYCHICALLY LINKED
HIVE MIND BENT TO THE WILL OF
AN ALIEN INTELLIGENCE OF
IMMEASURABLE
POWER.

THE THREAT
FROM SPACE IS
REAL. SOMETHING
IS COMING.

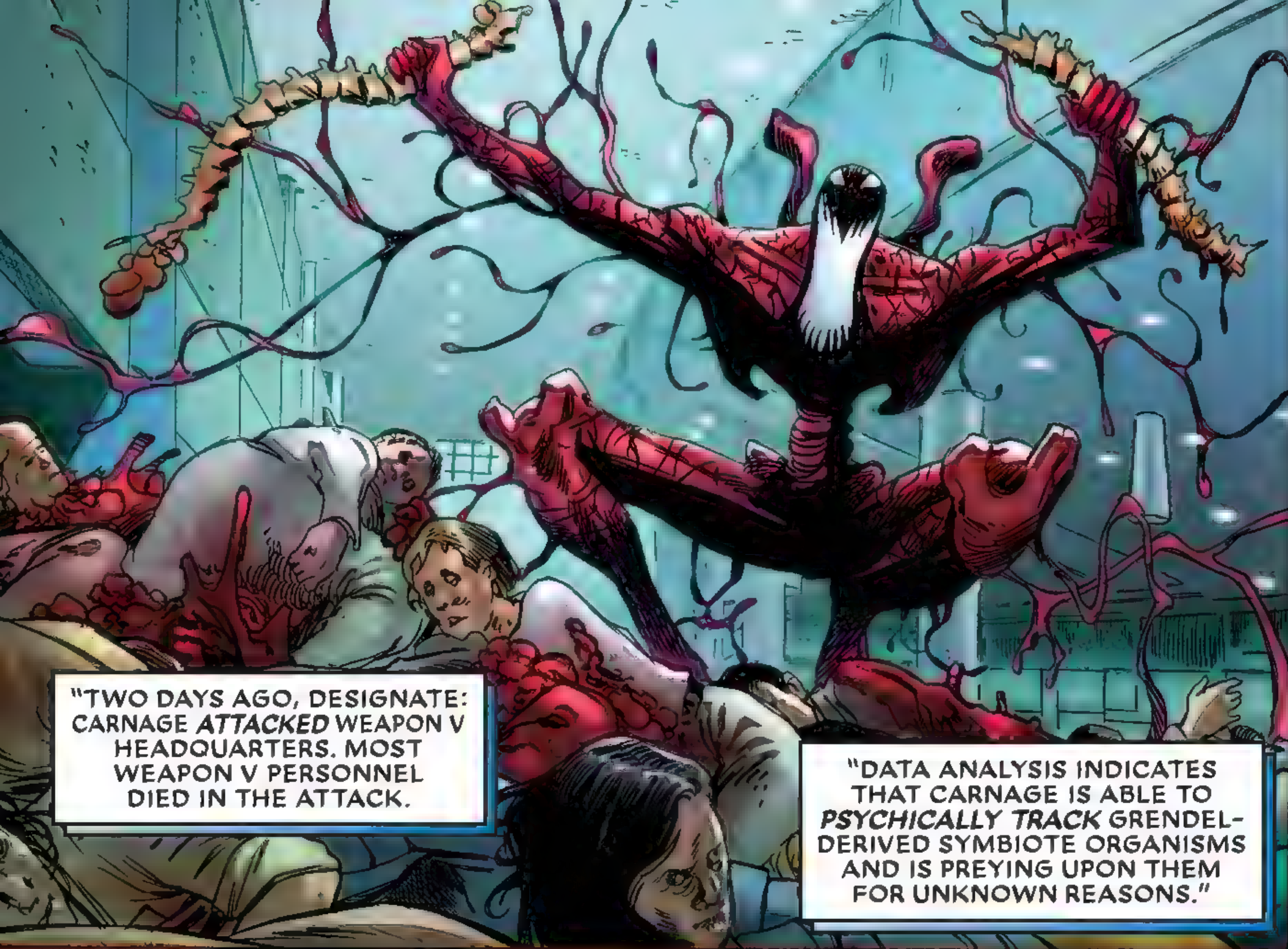
"GOD IS
COMING."



AND ITS
CURRENT AVATAR
IS THE HUMAN/ALIEN
SYMBIOTE DESIGNATE:
CARNAGE.

I THOUGHT
HE WAS
DEAD.

HE
WAS.



"TWO DAYS AGO, DESIGNATE: CARNAGE ATTACKED WEAPON V HEADQUARTERS. MOST WEAPON V PERSONNEL DIED IN THE ATTACK."

"DATA ANALYSIS INDICATES THAT CARNAGE IS ABLE TO *PSYCHICALLY TRACK* GRENDEL-DERIVED SYMBIOTE ORGANISMS AND IS PREYING UPON THEM FOR UNKNOWN REASONS."



SO YOU ALL ARE ON THE RUN, AND YOU WANT TO MAKE CARNAGE MY PROBLEM.

IF HE'S JUST SOME FREAK, HOW DID HE TAG OUR WHOLE OPERATION?



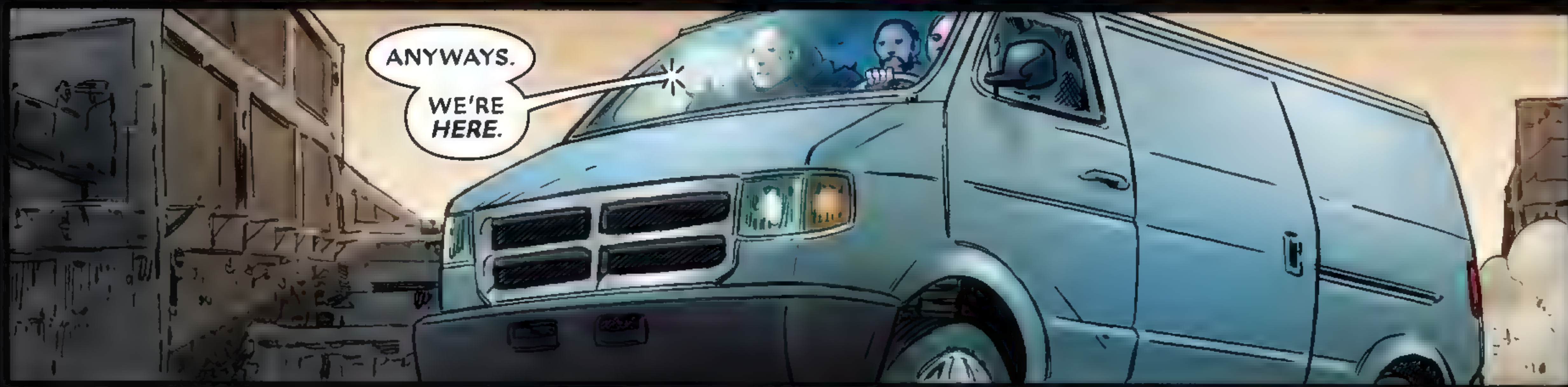
UNKNOWN. CARNAGE APPEARS TO HAVE MADE PSYCHIC CONTACT WITH THE ALIEN GODHEAD, INCREASING HIS KILL CAPACITY COMMENSURATELY.

HE HAS BECOME THE **RED MESSIAH**, A DEMIGOD--



BREEN!
BELAY THAT TALK!

THE DOC HAS SOME...
UNORTHODOX THEORIES.



ANYWAYS.
WE'RE HERE.



YOU KNOW
THE DRILL,
BOYS.

KILL BOX.



ENCLOSED
SPACE TO TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF
OUR SYM-SUITS'
MOBILITY.

OPEN SPACE
TO CONCENTRATE
FIRE ON THAT RED
SUMBITCH WHEN
WE GET HIM
HERE.

WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK YOU'LL
HAVE MORE LUCK
THAN YOU DID A
COUPLE DAYS
AGO?



"ONE: THIS TIME
WE KNOW WHAT
TO EXPECT AND
ARE PREPARED.

"SONIC WEAPONS. BURNERS.
THE SYMBIOTES DON'T
LIKE FIRE AND SOUND."



TWO: AND
THIS IS A SECRET,
SO DON'T TELL
NO ONE...

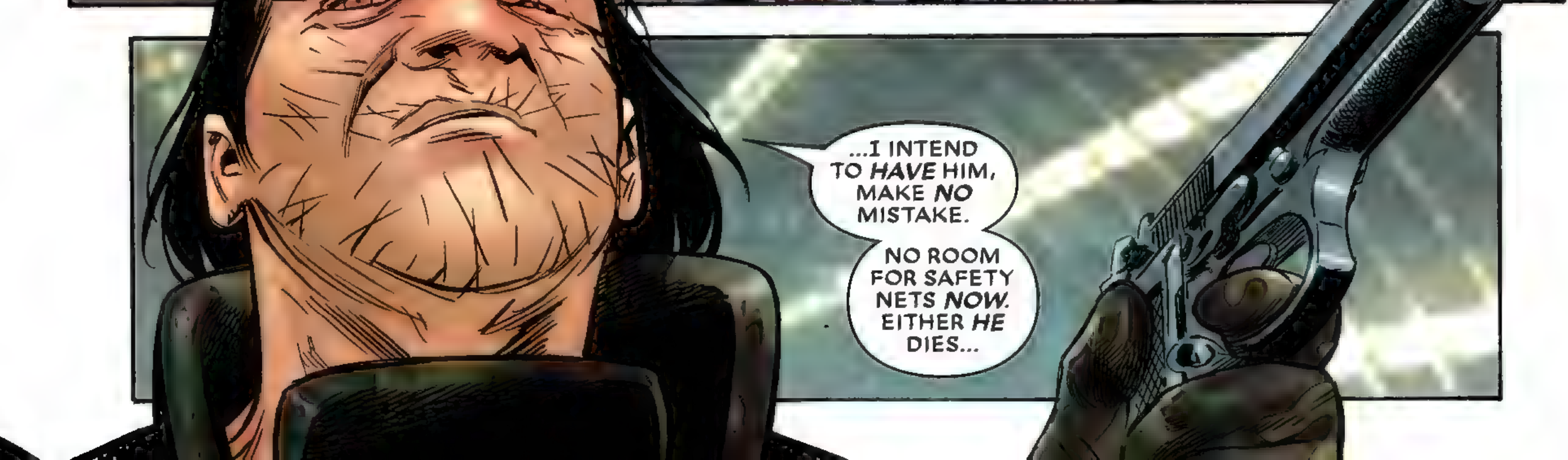
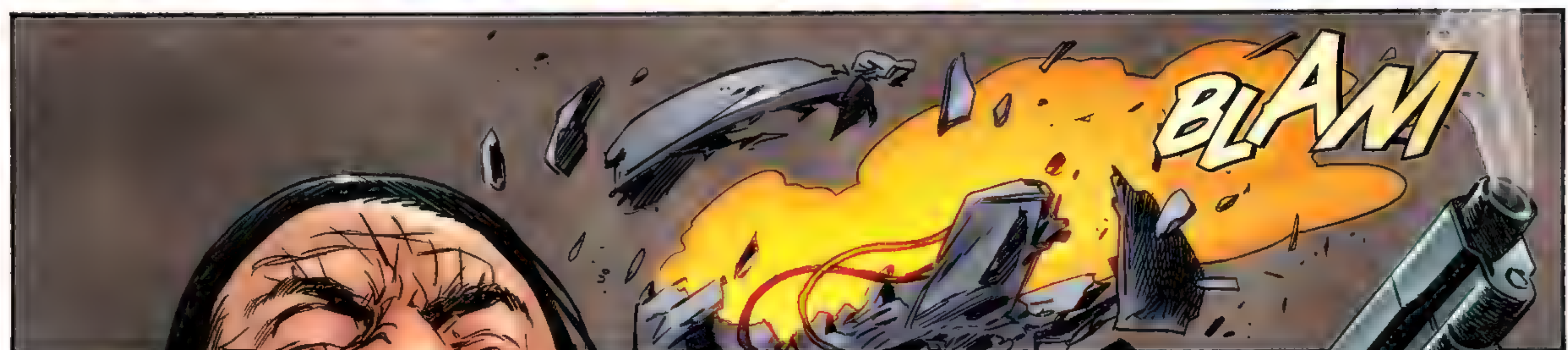
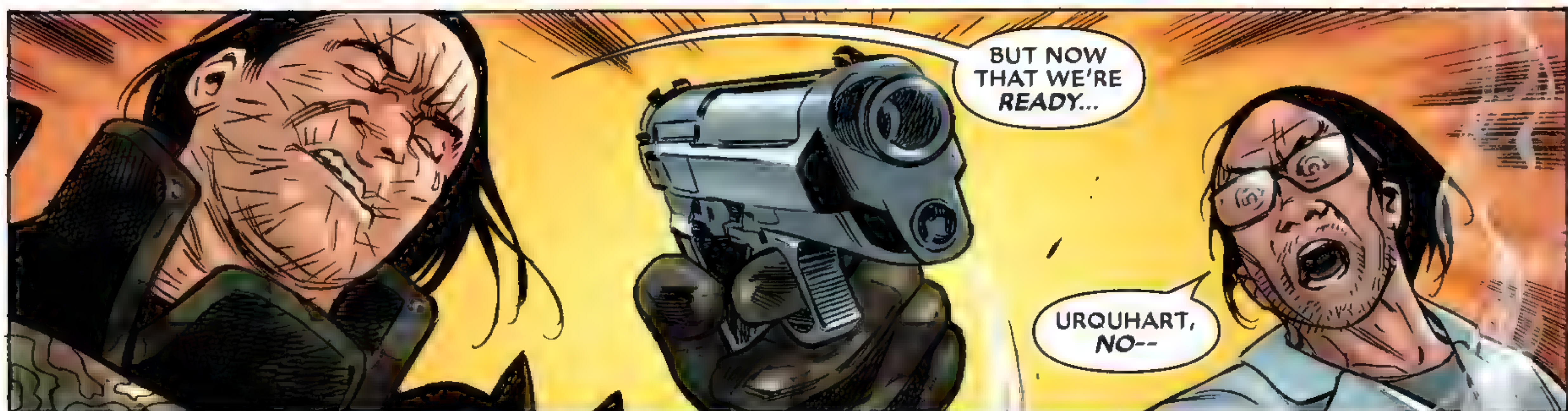
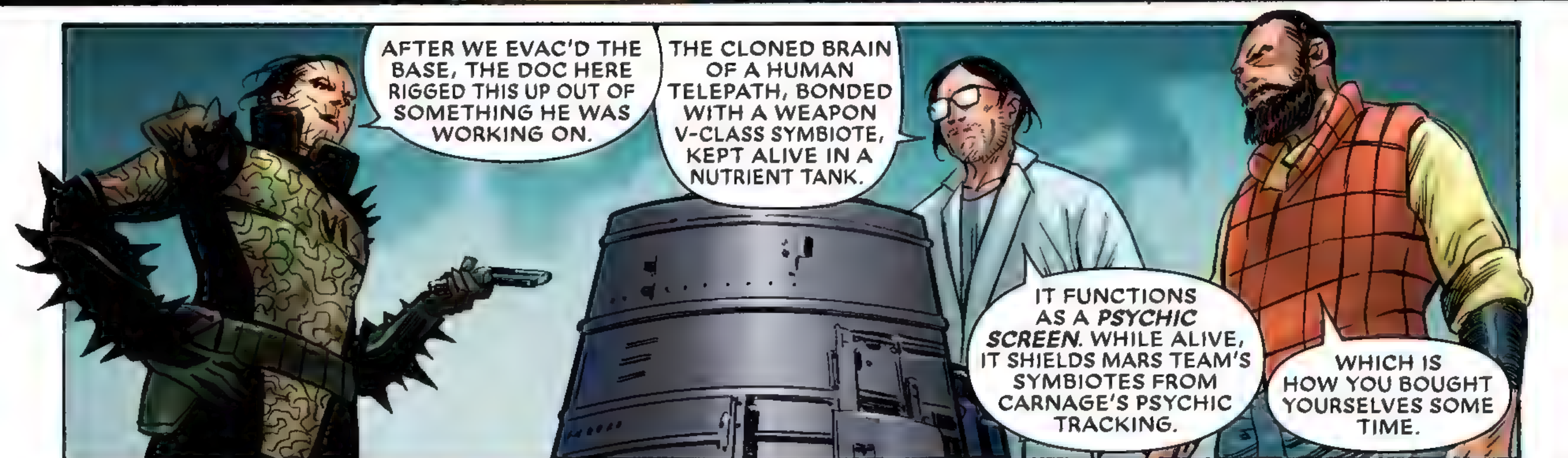
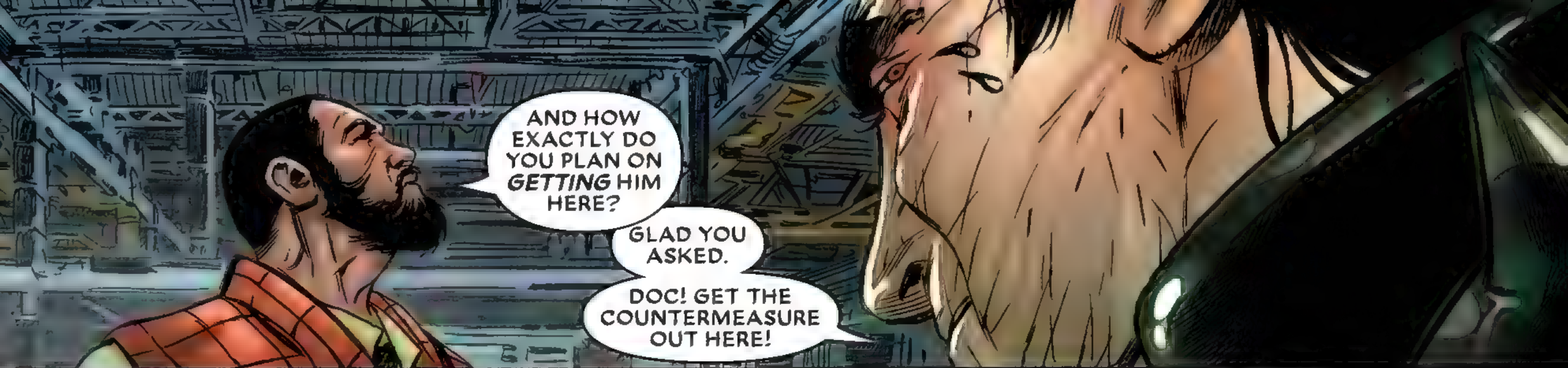
WE
GOT US A
HULK.

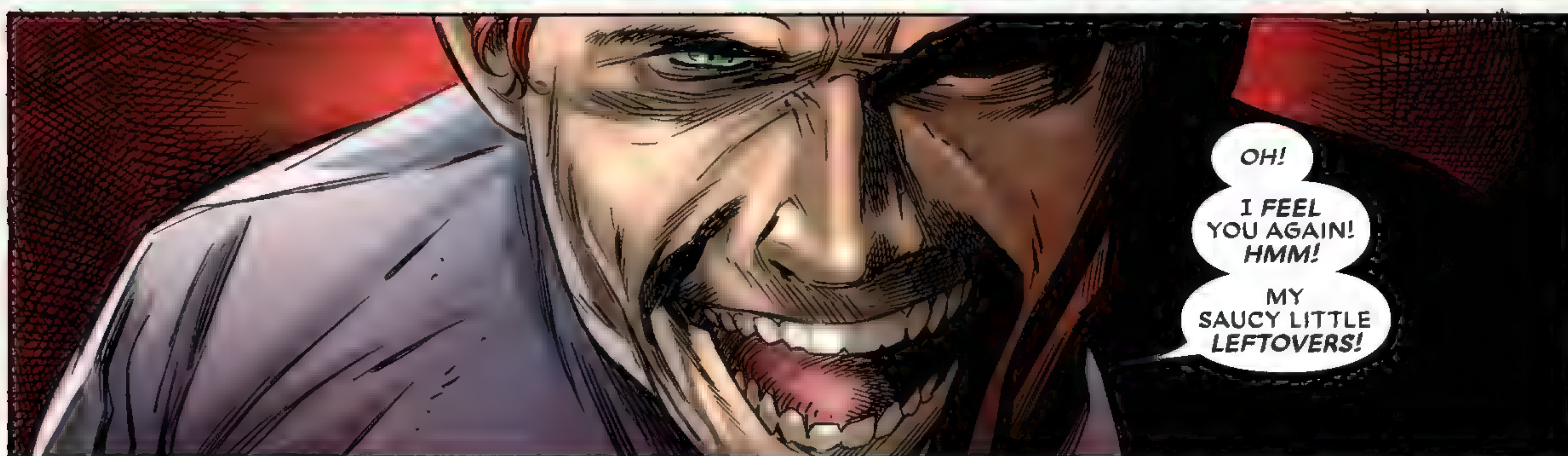
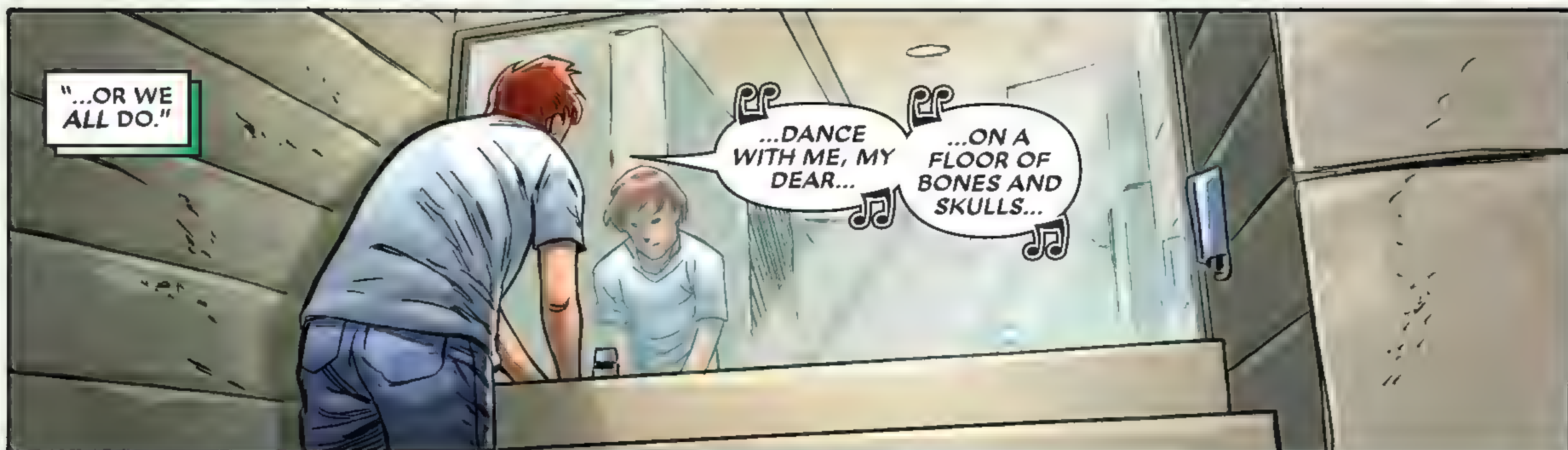


WE GET
CARNAGE ONTO
THE KILLING FLOOR,
HIT HIM WITH SONICS
AND FIRE. SOFTEN
HIM UP.

THEN
YOU DO WHAT
YOU DO,
CLAYTON.

AFTER
THAT, WE GO
OUR SEPARATE
WAYS. HOW
DOES THAT
SOUND?







ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE A DOCTOR?

I WANTED MY SONIA TO MARRY A DOCTOR.

BUT NOW...

OH YES, YES, I AM A DOCTOR.



MY WORK IN PARAPSYCHOLOGY AND XENOBIOLOGICAL STUDIES LED TO BEING HEADHUNTED BY WEAPON V OUT OF GRADUATE SCHOOL.

THE GRENDEL SYMBIOTES...THEY REPRESENT A FASCINATING OPPORTUNITY. A SPECIES WITH A *DIRECT PSYCHIC CONNECTION* TO THEIR GOD.



IF ONLY I WERE AFFORDED THE OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY THE GRENDEL ITSELF OR THE ORIGINAL SYM-SOLDIERS, RATHER THAN THE CLONED ORGANISMS WE ENGINEERED, THEIR PSYCHIC CONNECTION BURNED OUT...



THAT CONNECTION... THAT CONNECTION TO THE DARKNESS... TO GOD...

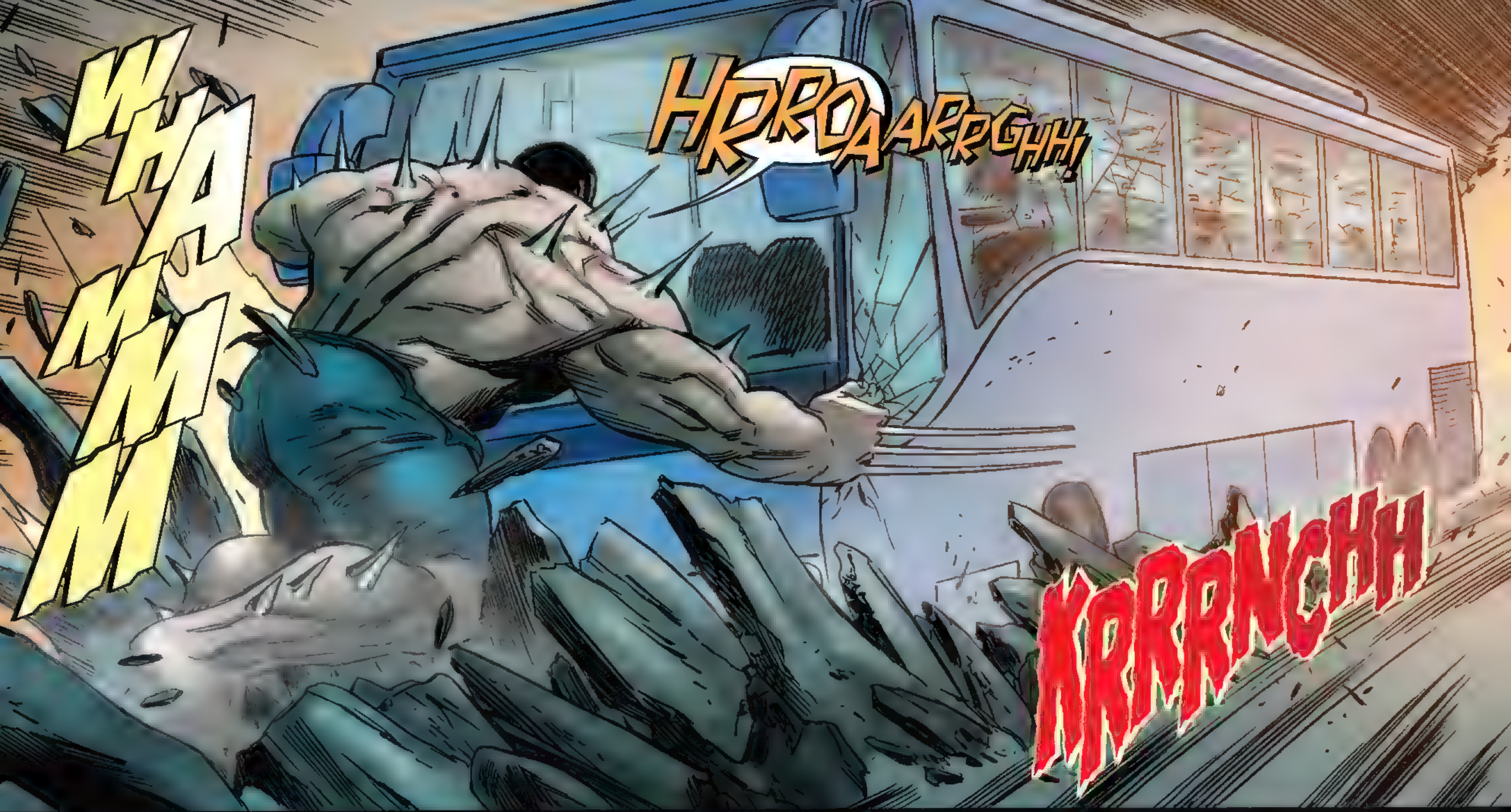
UGH. I THINK I LIKED IT BETTER WITH THE KNIFE AT MY THROAT.



--WE'VE GOT CONTACT INCOMING--

HE'S HERE. THE FINAL DATA.



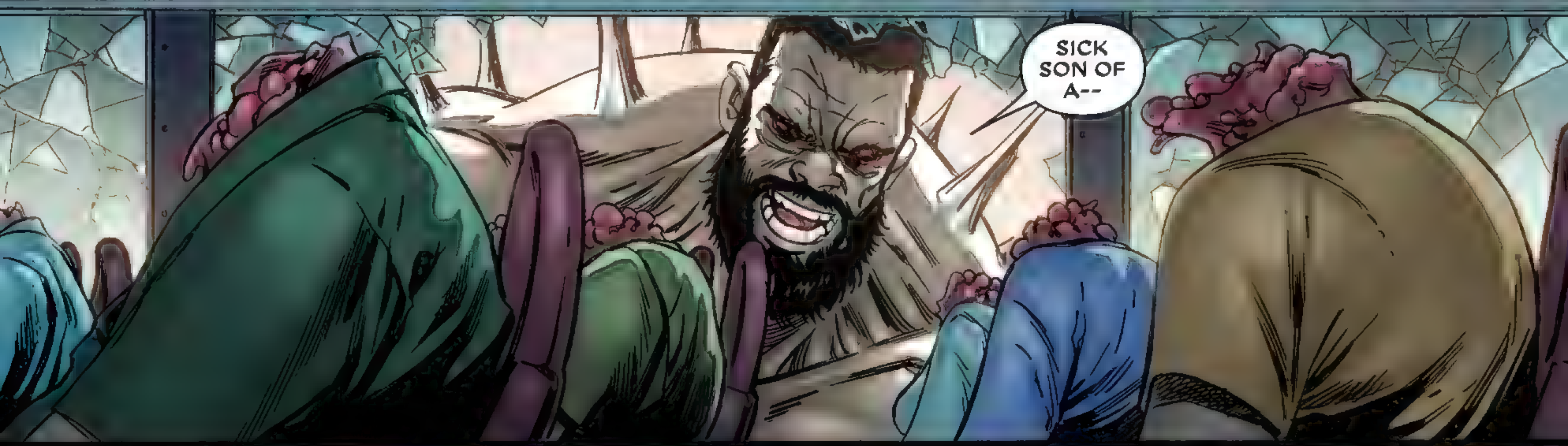




CLAYTON.
RECON THE
BUS.

MARS
TEAM, STAY
SHARP.

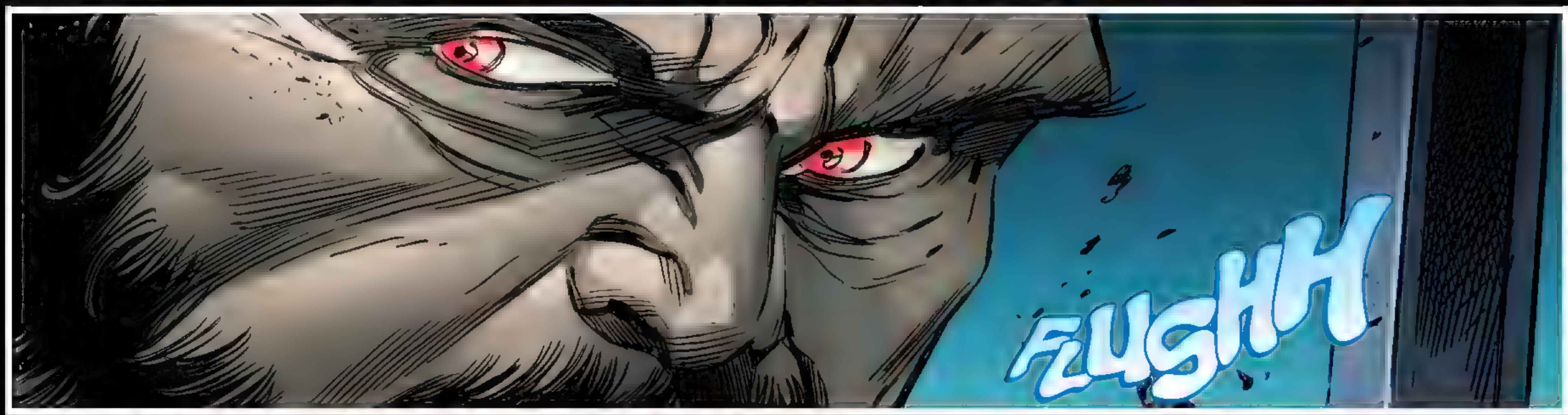
YEAH,
YEAH.



SICK
SON OF
A--



URQUHART,
THAT BUS IS A
SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
NOTHING BUT
CORPSES--

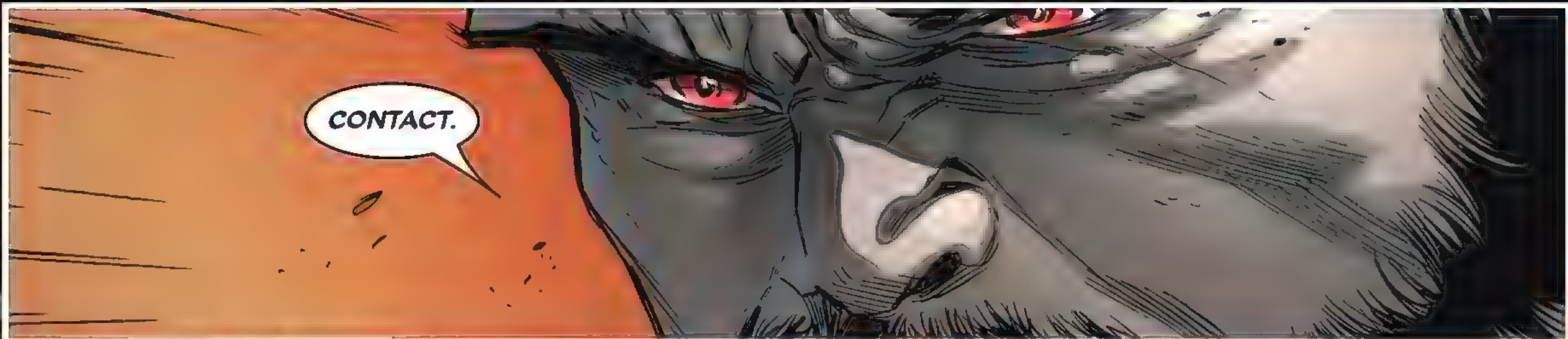
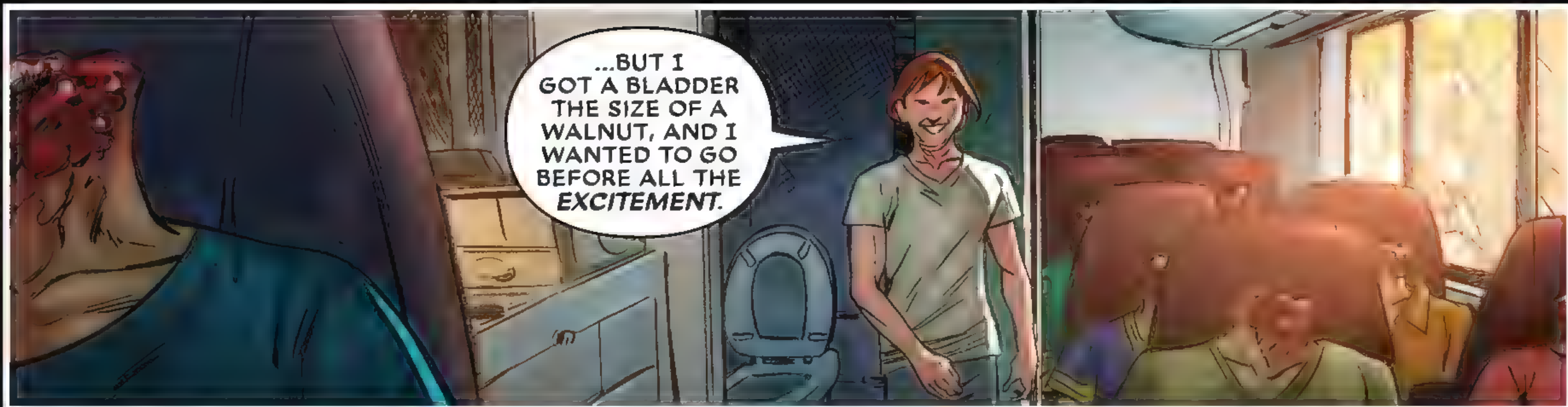


TOILET

CLICK

VACANT

HAVE TO
EXCUSE ME,
GENTS...

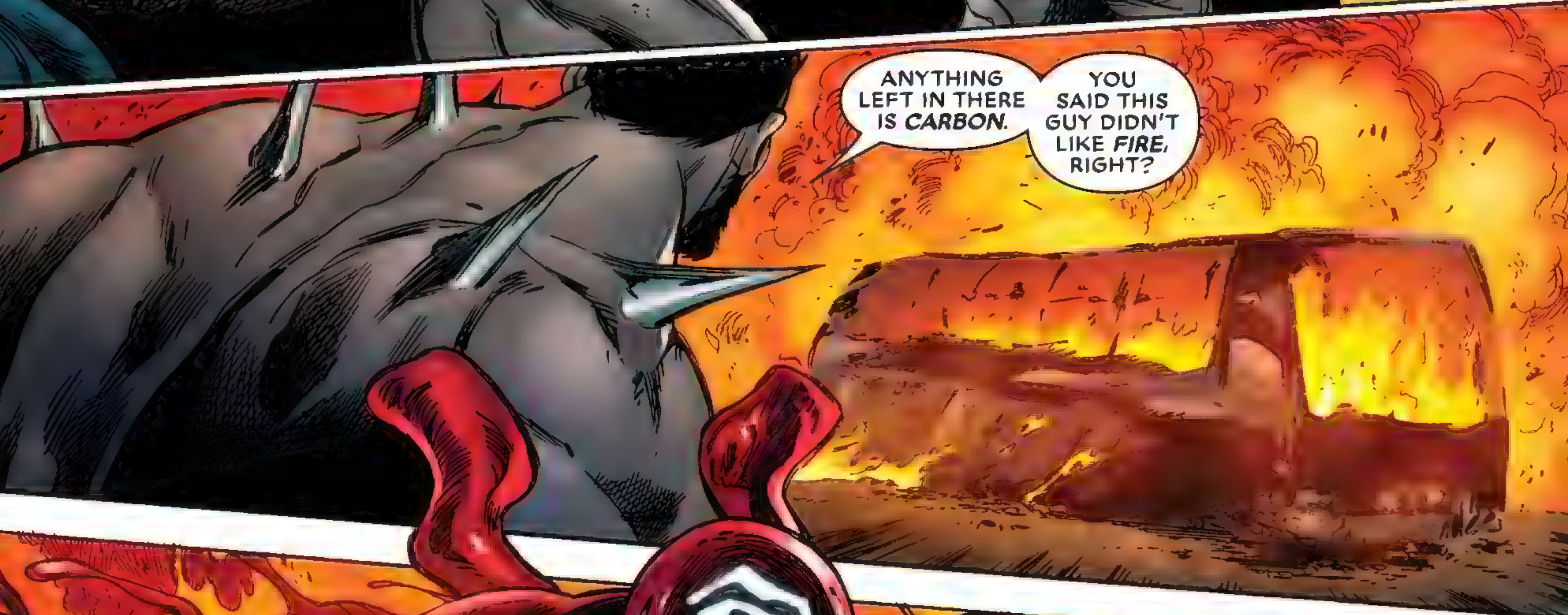




UROUHART,
YOU LUNATIC!

DRY
YOUR EYES,
CLAYTON.

FIND
ME A
BODY.



ANYTHING
LEFT IN THERE
IS CARBON.

YOU
SAID THIS
GUY DIDN'T
LIKE FIRE,
RIGHT?



WRONG!

HAHAHAHAHA



IT'S TRUE.

HE'S THE ONE.



WHAT IS THAT?

I'VE NEVER SEEN BLACK EYE DROPS BEFORE.

IT HELPS ME TO SEE.



I HAD TO SEE, YOU UNDERSTAND. I HAD TO SEE WHAT THE GRENDEL SAW.

SO I PUT THE GRENDEL IN MY EYES, THE CLONED BIOMASS WE HAD. DROP BY DROP BY DROP.

SO I COULD SEE THE DARKNESS. AND WHAT LIVES THERE. THE BLACK GOD.

OH NO, NO, NO...

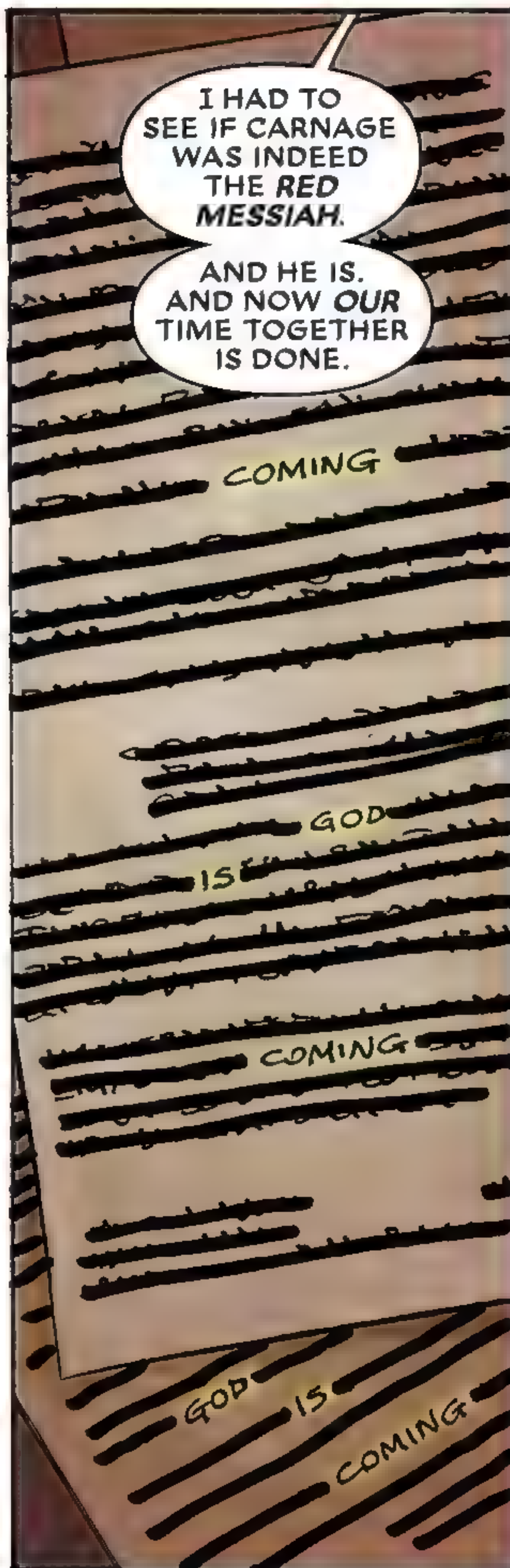


I HAD TO SEE IF CARNAGE WAS WORTHY OF THE GOD.

THE GOD OF THE EVERBLACK.

THE GOD THAT IS COMING.

STAY BACK--



I HAD TO SEE IF CARNAGE WAS INDEED THE RED MESSIAH.

AND HE IS. AND NOW OUR TIME TOGETHER IS DONE.

COMING

GOD

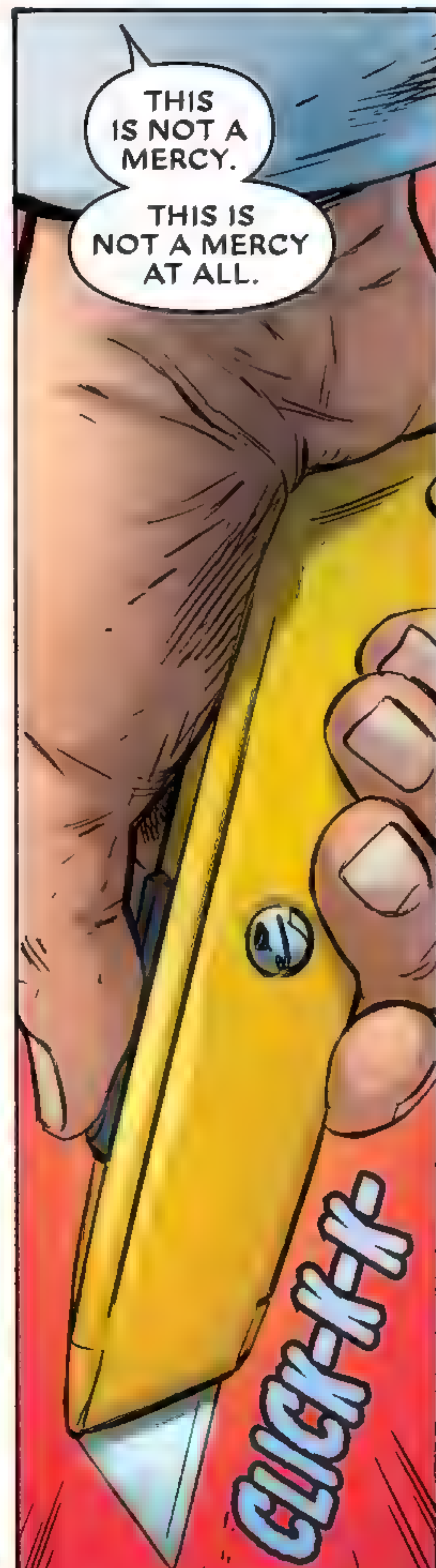
IS

COMING

GOD

IS

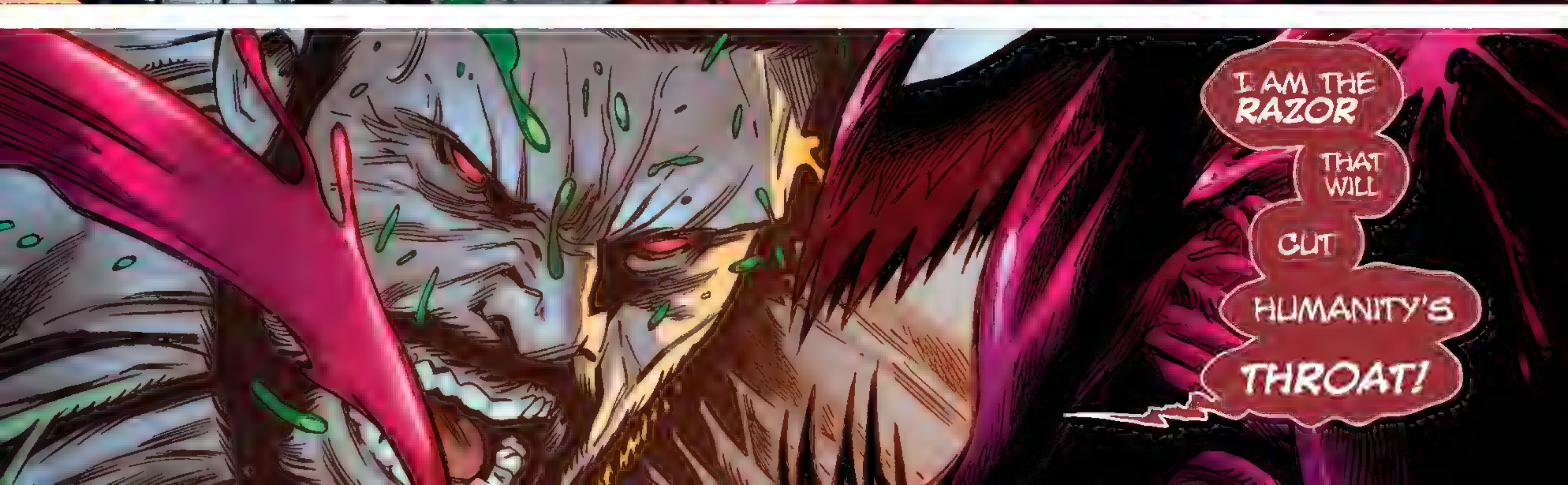
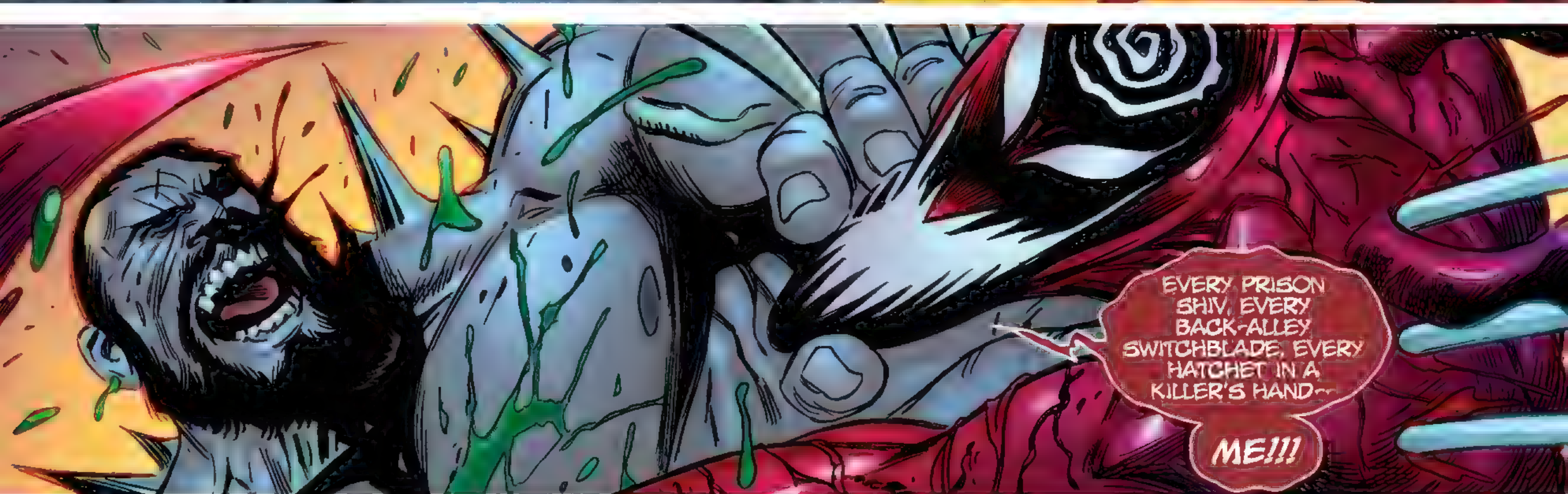
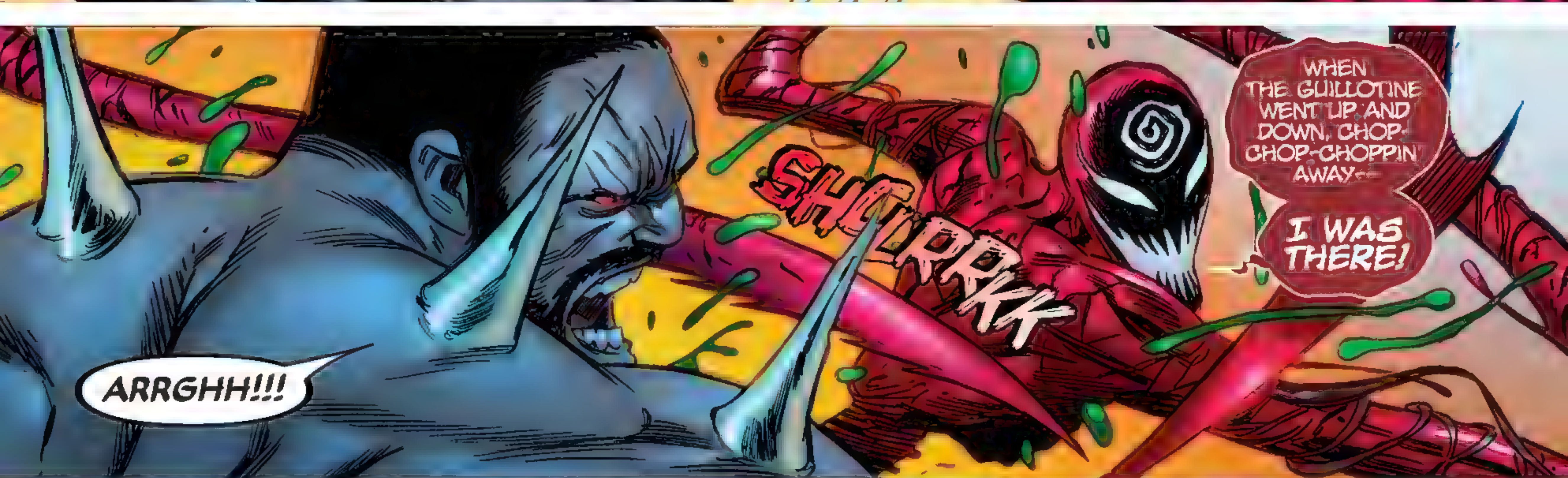
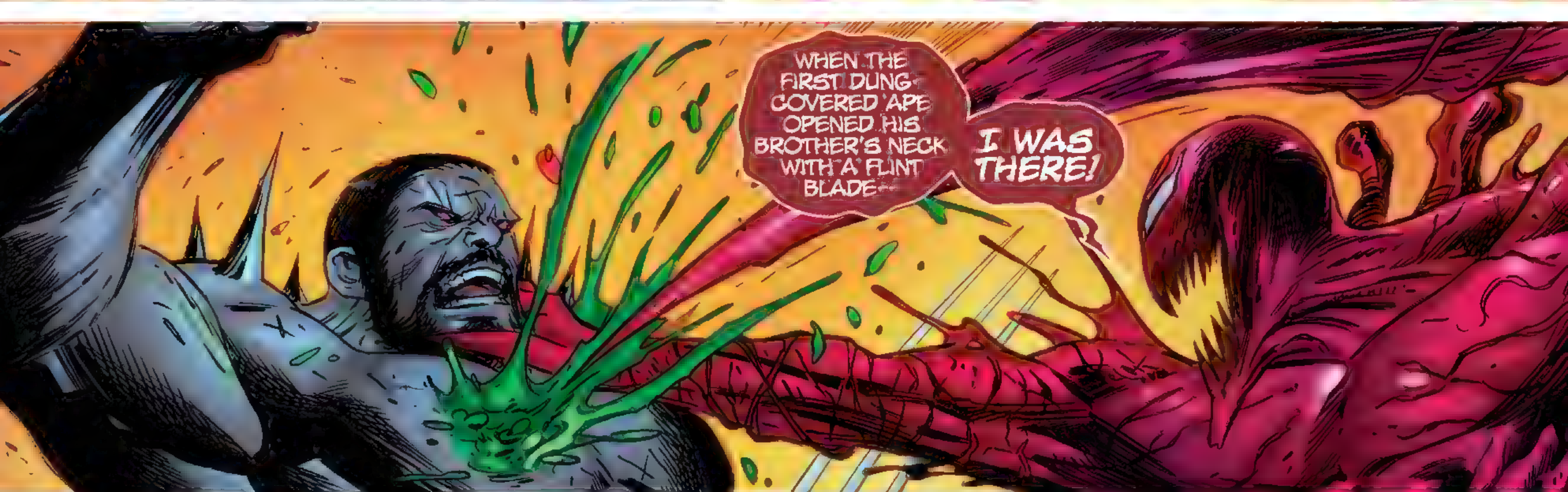
COMING

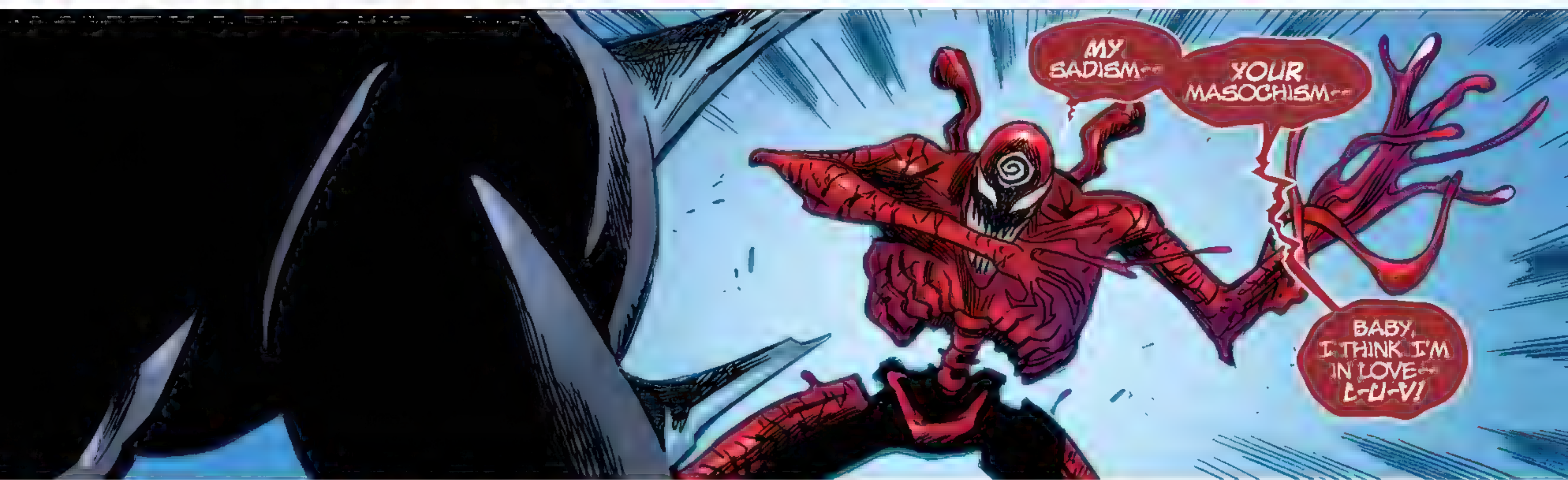


THIS IS NOT A MERCY.

THIS IS NOT A MERCY AT ALL.

CLICK-K-K







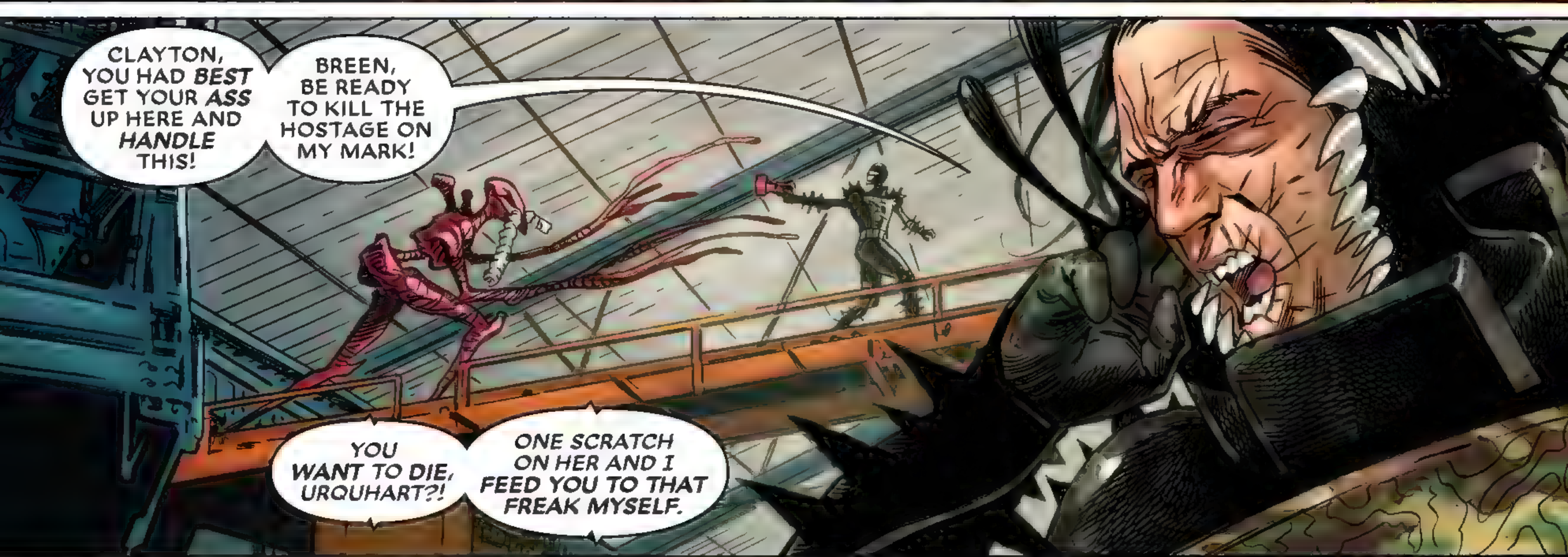
SUIT AIN'T
THE ONLY
ONE!



MARS
TEAM, YOU
GOT EYES ON
CARNAGE?

AAAGH!
AAAAAAAAGH!!!

DAMMIT!



CLAYTON,
YOU HAD BEST
GET YOUR ASS
UP HERE AND
HANDLE
THIS!

BREEN,
BE READY
TO KILL THE
HOSTAGE ON
MY MARK!

YOU
WANT TO DIE,
URQUHART?!

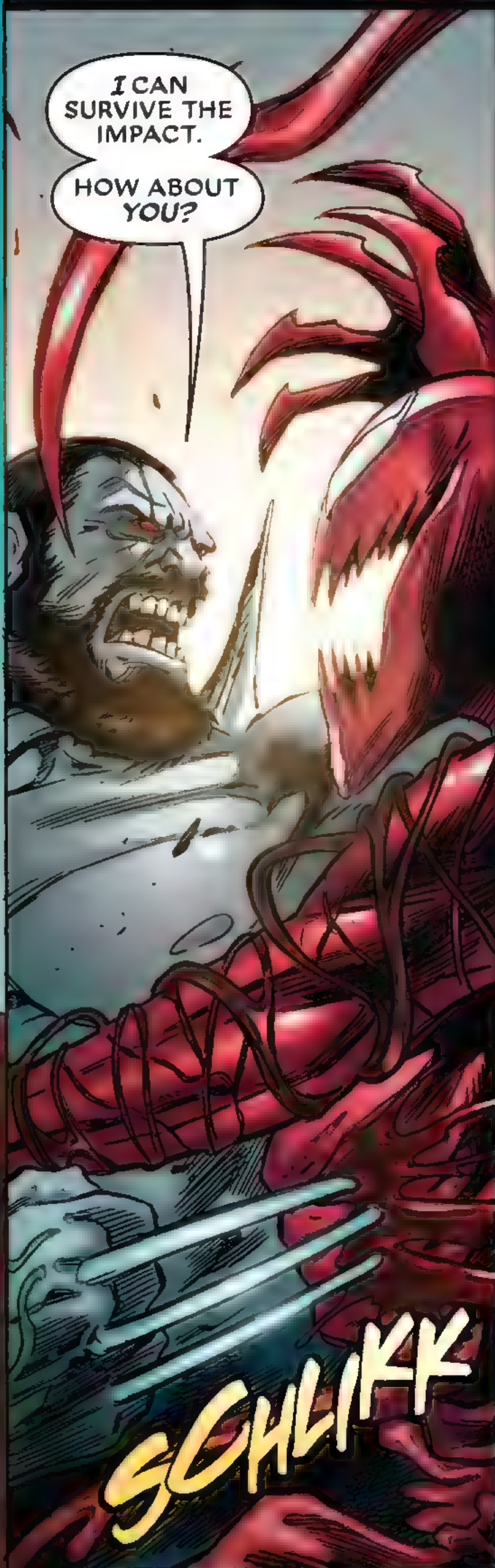
ONE SCRATCH
ON HER AND I
FEED YOU TO THAT
FREAK MYSELF.



AHH~
THE TASTE THAT
REFRESHES!

HAHAHA~









MARKED BY
THE GOD, THE
EVERBLACK.

UNBROKEN
BY THUNDER
AND FLAME.

THE RED
MESSIAH, SENT
TO USHER IN THE
INTERREGNUM OF
BLOOD, BEFORE THE
UNENDING AGE OF
DARKNESS. AND WE...
WEAPON V...ARE
HIS SACRIFICE
BY RIGHT.

...THAT'SSSSS
RIIIIIIGHT...



WHERE'S
JANICE?

WHERE
IS SHE?

GONE.

GO,
CLAYTON.

YOUR
ROLE HERE IS
FINISHED.



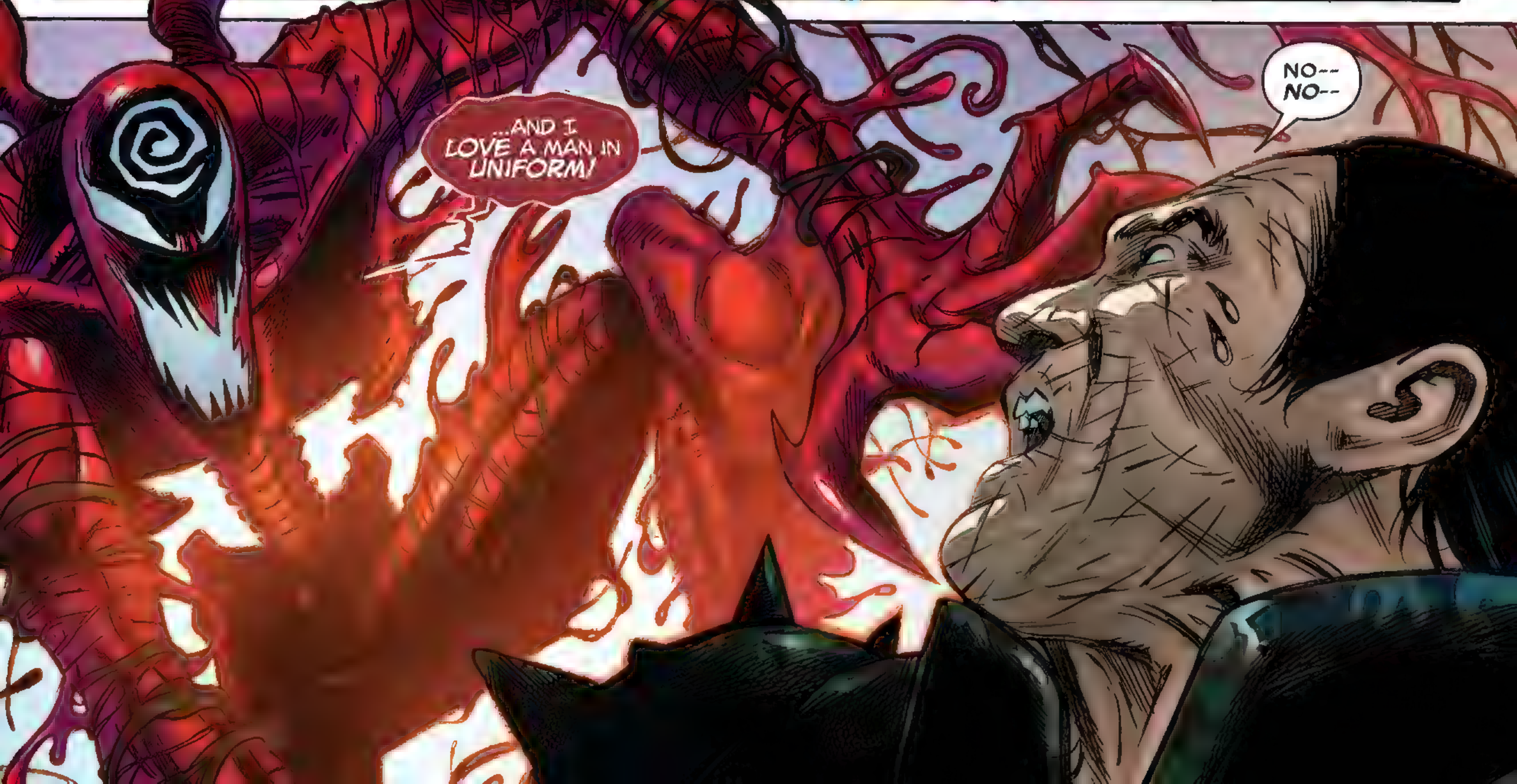
BREEN,
YOU **STAND**
DOWN, YOU
HEAR ME?

AND,
CLAYTON, YOU
DO NOT LEAVE.
YOU WORK FOR
ME!

I'LL TRACK
DOWN YOUR
WIFE, YOUR KIDS,
EVERYTHING YOU
HOLD CLOSE,
WHATEVER IT
TAKES. I OWN
YOU, BOY!



THAT'S
RIGHT. GO ON
NOW. **KILL** THAT
FREAK FOR
ME.





JANICE!

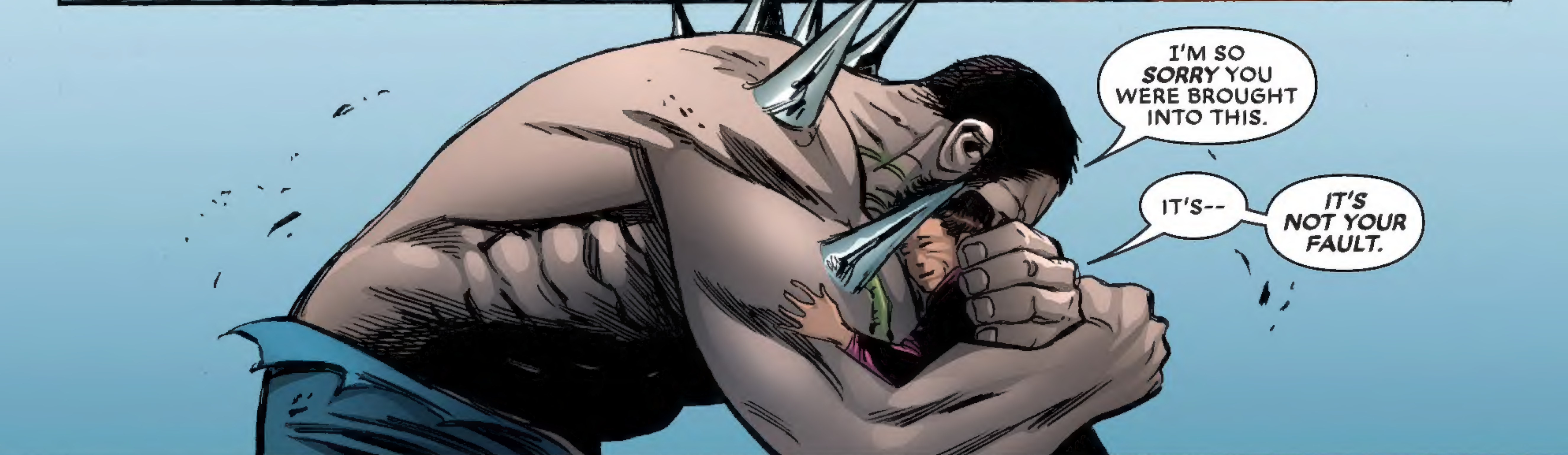
JANICE,
WHERE ARE
YOU?

ARE YOU
OKAY?!



CLAYTON?

CLAYTON!



I'M SO
SORRY YOU
WERE BROUGHT
INTO THIS.

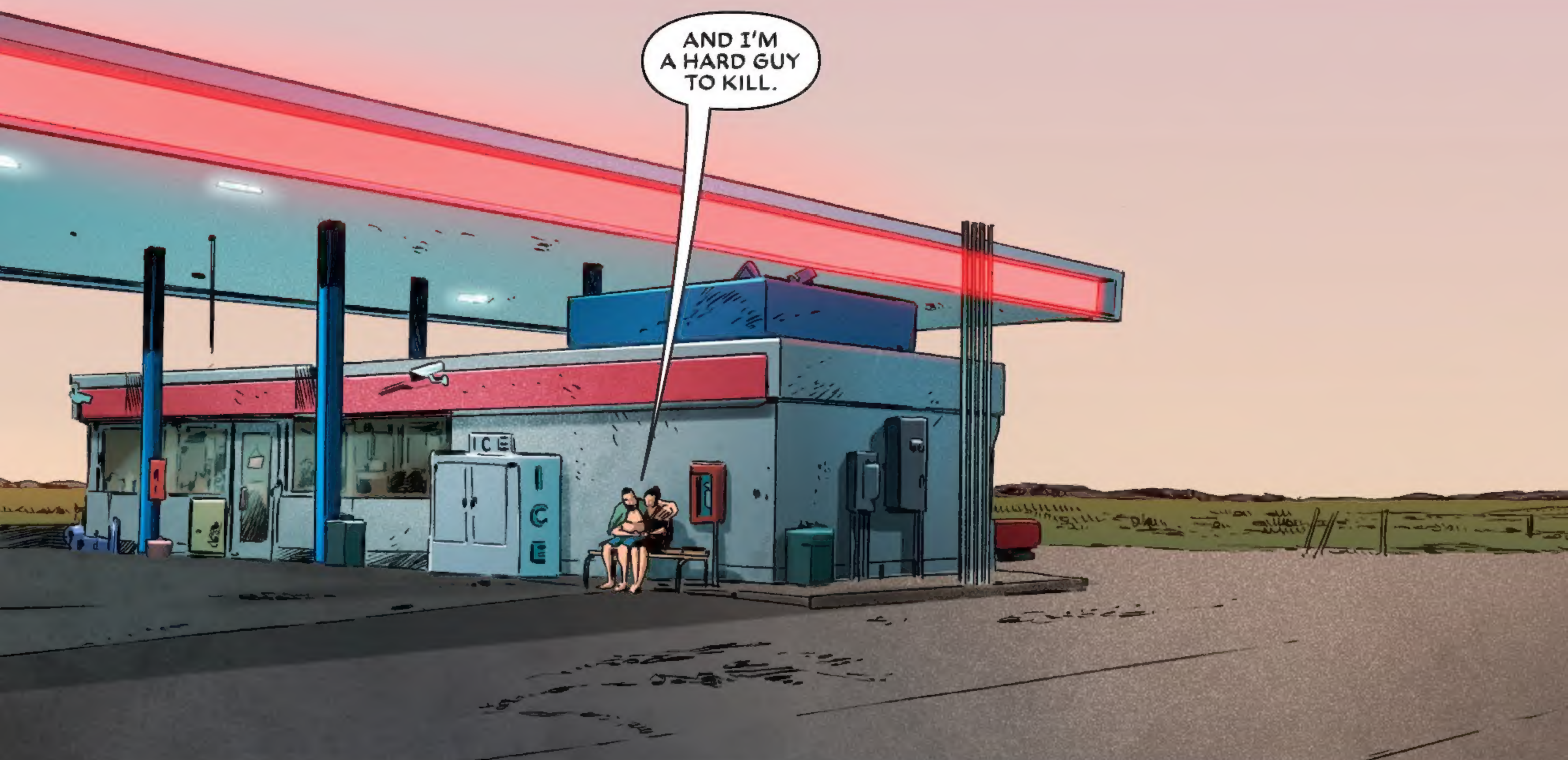
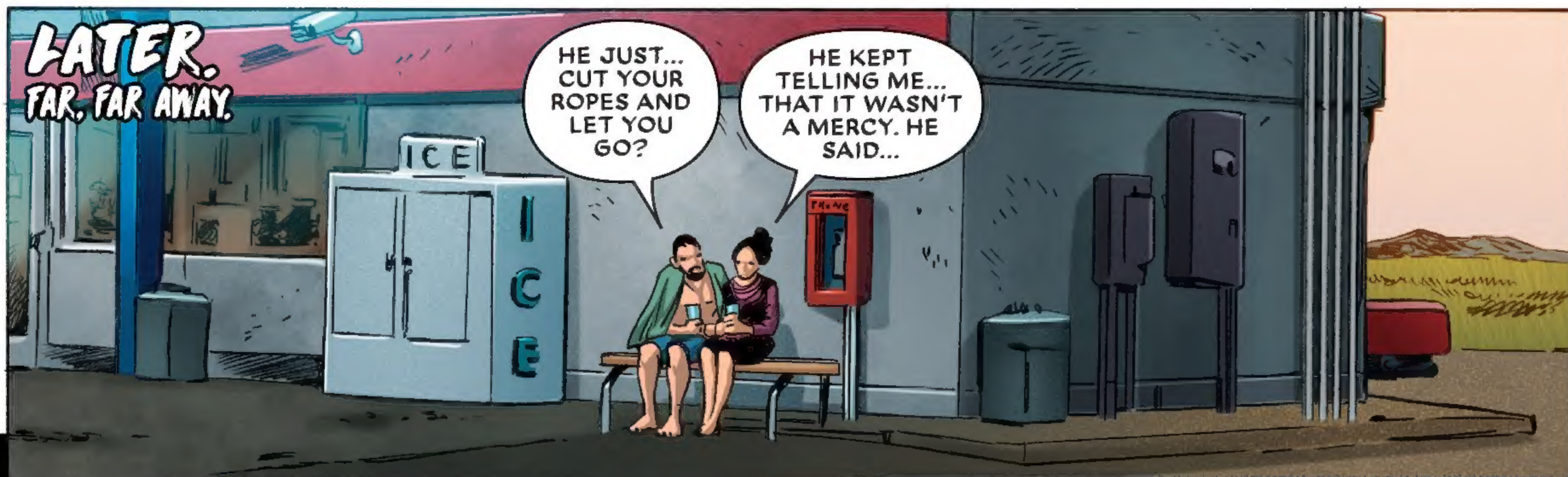
IT'S--

IT'S
NOT YOUR
FAULT.



WE NEED
TO GET FAR,
FAR AWAY
FROM HERE.

NOW.





FASCINATING.

FASCINATING
DATA.

DIRECTOR?

HMM?

SIR, THIS
NEW DATA
INDICATES THAT
THE GRENDEL BIOMASS
REPRESENTS A CLEAR
THREAT OF **PSYCHIC**
CONTAGION.

SHOULD
WE DISPOSE
OF OUR
SAMPLES?

NO.

PUT IT IN
DEEP STASIS AND
HAVE ENGINEERING
WORK ON **REPLICATING**
DR. BREEN'S PSYCHIC
BAFFLE DEVICE.

THIS CRISIS
WILL PASS.
CARNAGE WILL BE
DEALT WITH, BY
ONE OF THEM
OR ANOTHER.

WE HAVE
OTHER CONCERNS.
BRING UP STATUS
REPORTS ON
WEAPON XXX.

WE
ARE WEAPON
PLUS--

--AND OUR
WORK NEVER
ENDS.



WEAPON PLUS: WORLD WAR IV #1
JANUARY



INTRODUCING

MAN-SLAUGHTER